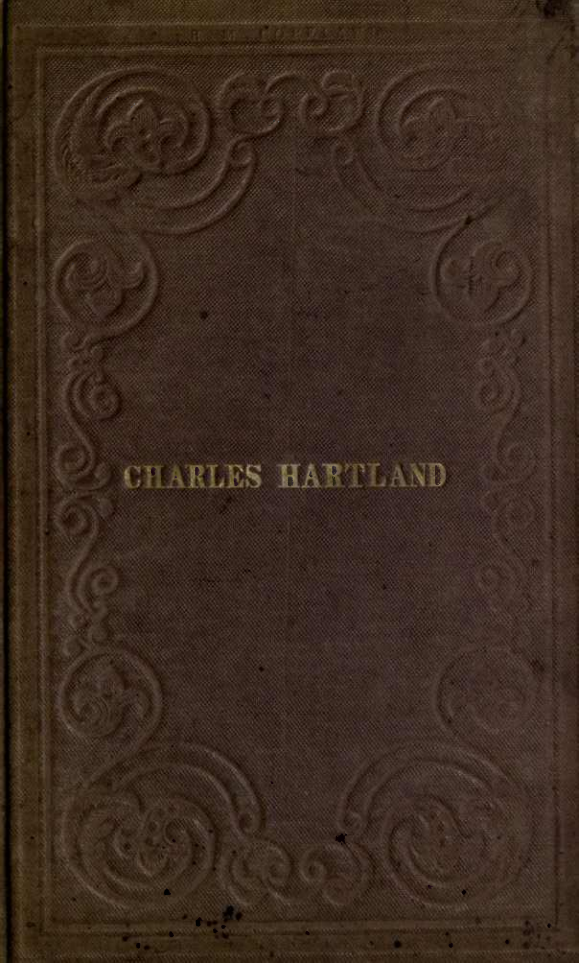


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CHARLES HARTLAND

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CHARLES HARTLAND,

THE

VILLAGE MISSIONARY.

REVISED AND PREPARED BY

WM. A. ALCOTT,

AUTHOR OF THE HOUSE I LIVE IN, ETC.

BOSTON:
WEEKS, JORDAN AND COMPANY.
1839.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1839, by W. A. ALCOTT, in
the Clerk's office of the District Court of Massachusetts.

Press of Tuttle, Dennett & Chisholm.
17 School Street.

PREFACE.

IN the following stories, though based on fact, the real names of the individuals concerned have been withheld, and fictitious ones substituted. The reasons for this will be obvious, if it is understood that some of the individuals referred to are still living.

The book is designed, as will readily be seen, to convey moral and religious instruction by exhibiting to the young, *in pictures of every day life*, the excellence of virtue on the one hand and the miseries of vice on the other. It is also designed to show the importance and necessity of possessing the true missionary spirit in all the ordinary concerns and relations of domestic life ; and, above all, in the discharge of the responsible duties of a teacher. Charles Hartland possessed this spirit, in an eminent degree ; as well as the rare, but invaluable talent of being able to

draw, with facility, moral lessons from the most common events and occurrences.

Some portions of the work are not wholly original, but none of it has ever been widely circulated ; and those parts which preserve most of their original shape and character have been greatly modified, and it is believed, much improved. The volume is committed to the public in the full belief that it will do something towards forming—for the great future—the minds and hearts of the rising generation.

BOSTON, FEBRUARY, 1839.

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CHARLES HARTLAND.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTION.

CHARLES HARTLAND'S CHARACTER.

SECTION I.

Birth-place of Charles—death of his Father—the Farm—his Mother—the Garden—Charles' fondness for Study—Early Instruction by his Father—his Disposition—Instruction by his Mother, after his Father's death.

CHARLES HARTLAND was the only son of respectable, but poor parents, who resided in the retired village of Finlay, situated amidst the wild but sublime scenery, which characterizes the northern part of New England.

When Charles was only eight years old, he had the misfortune to lose his father. He was then left, with an infant sister, to the care of a fond mother, who felt that she was called upon for increased exertions, since it had pleased heaven to deprive her of her only earthly support.

A small farm which Mr Hartland had obtained by the most laborious industry, was the only inheritance he left to his widow and chil-

dren. The house, though not large, was new and convenient. The neat fences, thriving fruit trees, and the well cultivated garden, all bore testimony to the care and industry of the late owner. Between this farm and the ruinous and waste grounds of his neighbors, there was a striking difference.

While Mr Hartland lived, he had gained for his family a comfortable living; and had looked forward with anxious expectation to the time when he might relax his labors, and rest in the enjoyment of their fruits.

Had he been spared, these hopes might have been realized. But, doubtless, for the wisest purposes, he was taken from his family, and Mrs Hartland, stunned with the afflictive blow, for a while seemed sinking beneath it. She was, however, a Christian; and the remembrance of the soothing promises and supports contained in the gospel, revived and comforted her.

She still mourned for him whom she had lost; but not as those whose friends do not die Christians. For he had long been her companion in the Christian race, and had stimulated her to do much good for others. Those blessed words, that, when she was cast down and desponding, he had often repeated to her, still sounded sweetly in her ears—"Remember, Mary, that whom the Lord loves he chastens."

Aroused by these meditations, and by the duties which she owed to her children, when the first violence of sorrow had subsided, she began to look around her and arrange some plan for

their future manner of life. She had no one to assist her in conducting her farm, and as Charles was yet too young to be capable of doing any heavy work, she leased it to a neighbor. But she reserved to herself the house, the small garden adjoining it, and a piece of ground large enough to enable her to keep a cow.

Upon the garden Mr Hartland had bestowed the greatest care. It was well stocked with fruit trees and vegetables. Its alleys were kept free from grass and weeds, and in one corner was a neat bed of herbs, bordered with flowers, of which Mrs Hartland had the sole management.

With the assistance of Charles, she could still cultivate the garden. It would supply her with many necessaries, and afford her much amusement. What she raised here, along with the rent of the farm, would still yield her a comfortable support, and with strict economy enable her to lay by a small sum for the future. Had there been none but herself to provide for, she would not have been so anxious. But her children must be fed, clothed, and educated.

Charles had already shown a thirst for learning, which his father had studiously encouraged. Among his last requests was one, that if his son desired it, and the thing could be done, he should receive an education at some college. This request, Mrs Hartland held as sacred ; and in order to comply with it, she practised the most rigorous self-denial, and carefully laid up all her little savings.

Mr Hartland was a man of considerable information, and had taken great pains in instructing Charles, so that he was now better taught than most boys of the village who were much older than he. He could read very well; write a good hand; reckon accounts; was quite familiar with the geography of his own country, and not wholly ignorant of that of others.

Charles had an amiable disposition, was benevolent and kind to all, and was persevering, diligent, and studious. He was a great comfort to his mother, and often, in assisting the farmers, added considerable to her earnings. He was pointed out by parents as an example to their children. He was beloved by all his playmates, because there was scarcely one of them, for whom, at some time or another, he had not performed a good office.

Mrs Hartland continued the system of instruction which her husband had begun with Charles. However they had been occupied in the course of the day, the evening was always a season of instruction and improvement.

As there was no school in the village, all that Charles learned was obtained in this way. Though his mother often regretted that he had not greater advantages than her situation and limited means could bestow, yet with so good a capacity for learning, his acquirements were considerable.

It may be worth the attention of our readers here to know, that most of the children in Iceland—that cold and dreary country,—are edu-

cated in the same way that Charles was. The people there have no schools, and yet they receive better instruction than is received in many countries where schools are very numerous.

SECTION II.

Village of Finlay—Character of the People—Education of the Children—determination of Charles to reform the Village—management of Mrs Hartland's Farm—Charles preparing for College.

THE village of Finlay was in a most unhappy state. It had neither teachers nor pastors, and was divided into sects; each of which had different leaders, and maintained opposite doctrines of belief.

Instead of improving their lands, instructing their children, and practicing the Christian virtues of benevolence, humility, and brotherly love, they were forever disputing about contested points. They all sought to draw from one party or sect the converts which the other had made. At the same time their children, without schooling, and always engaged in some mischievous roguery, ran ragged about the streets. Their poultry troubled their neighbors. Their cattle and sheep strayed through the broken fences into their cornfields, devouring all that came in their way.

Mrs Hartland kept aloof from these things. But Charles, as he grew older, saw and regretted them, and often wished it was in his power

to check these growing evils. Accustomed from infancy to hear lessons of piety and morality, and to see these lessons enforced by constant example, they sunk deep into his heart, and strengthened the wish he had early formed of becoming a teacher or minister.

His benevolent soul expanded with pleasure, as he thought how much good it might then be in his power to do. Stimulated by the hope of improving if not of reforming the character of his native village, he remitted no exertions for the accomplishment of his favorite object.

He early took the farm into his own hands, and with the advice of his mother, turned everything to the best account. He rendered it so profitable, that by the time he was sixteen years old, the little sum that had been laid up, to which, since his father's death, he had weekly contributed his mite, became sufficient to enable him to fulfil his long cherished desires, and pursue the studies necessary before entering college. He passed these studies under the direction of Mr Ludlow, a neighboring clergyman of piety and learning.

His mother parted from him with many tears, for he had been the stay and solace of her widowhood. But for him, she looked forward to years of future usefulness and honor. After much kind and judicious counsel, she commended him to the care of heaven, and saw him depart with a mingled feeling of pleasure and regret.

His little sister Mary was not so easily com-

forted. Her dear Charles had been her instructor, her friend, her second father! And it was long before Mrs Hartland could dry her tears, or persuade her to engage in her usual employments. But, at length, by intimating that Charles' flower-bed wanted care, the mother drew her from her sorrow. And every night and morning, Mary, with her watering pot, refreshed the flowers—delighting herself with the idea that when her brother returned, he would be surprised at their growth.

SECTION III.

Charles enters College—his Good Habits—Teaching School in Vacations—finishes his Collegiate Studies—returns home.

CHARLES, in the mean time, engaged with ardor in his studies, devoting all his time and attention to them. So rapid was his improvement, that in a shorter time than usual, he completed his preparatory course, and was admitted into college as a charity scholar.

Once established in college, Charles felt as if all his long cherished hopes were soon to be fulfilled. He was sensible that he must endure many crosses and privations, but to these he was accustomed, and he cheerfully submitted to them. He felt the value of his time, and he suffered no moment of it to go unimproved. Though his studies were often interrupted by the duties, which, as a dependent upon the col-

lege, he was obliged to perform, yet, grateful for his admission upon any terms, he never murmured, nor was found deficient in his lessons. So persevering and diligent was his application, that his fellow students soon felt that they had a worthy companion in this humble and unassuming charity scholar.

His correct deportment, his studious habits, his pious and amiable character, won their esteem and love, and drew upon him the favor and regard of those who were placed at the head of the institution. They delighted to encourage and reward true merit, however humble; and learning the history and views of Charles, they rendered him much assistance, for which he was truly grateful.

He still found that to complete his collegiate education, he must practise the most rigid economy and self-denial. His mother sent him all the money she could spare from her own necessities. But with reluctance did the kind hearted boy receive it, praying that at some future time he might be able to repay her for so much love and tenderness.

In order, as far as possible, to defray his own expenses, he kept a school during the vacations. From each of these he sometimes took a week to visit his mother. The assistance he received in this way, though it was hardly earned, was considerable. For it was often the case, that the children he instructed for a few weeks, had no more schooling for a year. They were, of course, ignorant and ungovernable.

He, however, always left them better than he found them. For it was a principle with Charles to perform faithfully every duty in which he was engaged. He believed there was no situation, however humble, in which a benevolent and active mind might not be useful to others.

At length, having completed his studies, Charles prepared to leave the companions with whom he had been associated for four years. By his upright conduct and correct scholarship, he had won the affection and esteem of both officers and students. As he left them, they regretted the loss of one so worthy and honorable. Gladly would they all have lived and died with him. But as students, on leaving college, have different scenes of labor on which they enter, they must part from their friends, however dear they may be. So it was with Charles. It was with deep regret that he parted from his fellow-students, and left the spot, where, notwithstanding all his trials, he had passed four happy years.

He went to spend a few weeks at Finlay, with his mother and sister, and then left them to take charge of a school for the winter, in a distant town.

SECTION IV.

A Winter's School—Plan of Reform in his Native Village—Close of School—Charles returns home—Meeting with his Mother and Sister.

As was mentioned in the last section, Charles, after staying a short time at home, went to a dis-

tant town, and took charge of a school for the winter.

While engaged in this school, he was continually thinking of some plan by which he might reform the inhabitants of his native village, for he wished to do them all the good in his power. Every year they were growing more quarrelsome, idle and ignorant. And Charles thought that with the advantages he had received, he ought to be able to improve and enlighten them ; and, if possible, lead them to be united, and love and respect each other.

He thought that at least, the rising generation could be instructed by him, and it was on them that the future character and welfare of the village mainly depended. Under the direction of Mr Ludlow, he could pursue his studies, while he could still reside with his mother, assist her in directing the farm, and also teach the children of the village.

This would be an undertaking of some magnitude. But Charles knew from experience that fortitude and perseverance could accomplish much. He also felt, in a manner, responsible for the welfare and improvement of those around him.

While he compared his situation and acquirements with those of many others, his heart swelled with praise to heaven who had made him to differ. He showed a love and gratitude for his parents who had early implanted in him sentiments of piety and virtue—had taught him the value of time, and the necessity of rightly

and diligently improving the talents which a kind Creator had graciously entrusted to him.

These thoughts and projects, though they never induced him to neglect the school in which he was engaged, occupied many a solitary hour. The school flourished under his care, and when at the end of six months, he dismissed it, and took leave of his scholars, there was not a tearless eye among them. He had informed them as much as could have been expected in so short a time, and with many prayers for the same success on his exertions at Finlay, he set out for home with a light heart and strong hopes.

The journey was rather a dreary one. The road which he travelled was but little frequented. Excepting now and then a village, and a few log huts, from which swarmed a group of dirty children, attracted by the unusual sight of a stranger, he scarcely saw a human habitation.

Charles had a taste for the beauties of nature, where he saw so strikingly displayed the goodness and power of his heavenly Father. The stupendous mountains, lifting their heads to the clouds—the extensive forests—the mighty rivers and tremendous cataracts, bursting with a fearful noise upon his ear—all in turn called forth his praise and admiration. From infancy his eye had been familiar with these objects, still the power of God displayed in his works, excited in his bosom new emotions of wonder and delight.

The sun was just setting, and throwing its golden light on stream and tree, when Charles reach-

ed the summit of a hill, and saw extended at its foot his own native village. His heart throbbed with pleasure. It was the scene of his early days—his childish sports—the abode of a beloved mother and sister. He quickened his speed, and in a moment more, the low roofed cottage with its clustering vine and neat garden, burst upon his view.

On a little bench before the door, shaded by an apple tree in full bloom, he saw his mother busily knitting, and Mary reading beside her. They were so much engaged, that they did not see Charles till the trampling of his horse called off their attention. Mary held her hand up to her eyes to shade them from the bright rays of the sun, while she gazed at Charles who was close by. He bowed and smiled.

"'Tis he, dear mother. 'Tis our Charles," she exclaimed, and throwing down her book, she ran towards him. He embraced her tenderly, and then turned to receive the welcome of his mother who stood patiently waiting for Mary's joy to subside.

The meeting was kind and affectionate. It could not be otherwise between such a mother and such a son. They had much to say—many anxious inquiries to make—many grateful feelings to express. Time passed so swiftly, that it was dark before they rose from the bench. And Mary regretted that it was too late to show Charles her flowers and rose bushes. It was, however, the first spot which he visited the next morning.

Mary was amply repaid for all her labor, by the pleasure and surprise her brother expressed at the neat and thriving appearance, not only of the flowers and rose bushes, but of the whole garden, which Mary assured him, her mother and herself had cultivated entirely themselves. And his pleasure was increased when he found that this garden looked so much better than any that belonged to their neighbors. He was pleased, not because the neighbors had neglected their gardens—for this was a source of sorrow to him—but because his mother and sister had done so well with theirs.

Charles resolved immediately to commence the school which he had so long contemplated. The money which he now possessed was but a trifling sum, and though the compensation he should require for teaching would be small, still it would be of some assistance to him.

It was also necessary that he should take the farm into his own hands. It had been let out to another during his absence. And as the only object of the man who hired it, was to get from it all it would yield, without ever enriching the land, or repairing the walls and fences, it had become almost as poor and ruinous as any farm in the village.

Charles confided his plan to his mother, and though she was unwilling that he should labor so hard, and lose so much of his time from his studies, she was induced by his persuasions and her own necessities to comply with it. She, however, begged him to give up his design of a

school, which would be a hard task for him, and afford but little profit. But he assured her, it would only occupy six hours in the heat of the day, and would perhaps enable him sometimes to hire a hand for the farm. And when the farm was once more in good order, he should have time enough for his studies.

She at last consented, and Charles went to Mr Ludlow, and communicated his designs to him. The good man commended his virtuous intentions, and promised to lend him all the advice and assistance in his power. Charles engaged to visit him once a week, and Mr Ludlow assured him he would direct his studies, and supply him with books.

SECTION V.

Charles visits the Families of the Village—Their Character—Difficulties in the way of opening a School—These overcome by perseverance.

CHARLES was now prepared to do something about a school, and he immediately began his work. His most difficult undertaking was to visit the inhabitants of the village, and induce them to consent to the establishment of a school. His appearance called forth many expressions of pleasure and welcome. For his modesty, his humility, and his filial piety, notwithstanding such virtues were little known, or at least, little practised among this people, had gained him their respect and esteem.

His feelings were severely tried, as he passed through the village, and witnessed the disorder which everywhere reigned. On a waste common which skirted the settlement, he found many of the idle children assembled. Some were quarreling—some basking in the sun—while others waded into the middle of a muddy pool for the purpose of disturbing the geese which had settled there to escape their cruel persecutions.

Their fathers, in the meantime, occupied the kitchen of a little dirty tavern, or sat upon a bench before the door. From morning till night, by turns, smoking and drinking, disputed their favorite points in politics or *religion*, or amused themselves in relating the news or scandal which circulated for ten miles round.

The women were generally engaged at home, but their doors were surrounded with geese and pigs, wallowing in the slough before the house. The smell of sour milk, and the sight of unwashed pails and churns, showed that they did not pride themselves in the neatness of their dairies.

There were, however, some exceptions to these examples. But it too often happened, where the wife was virtuous and industrious, the husband was a sot and an idler. Or when he was honest and diligent, she was a gossip and a busy-body. Of course, the good lessons which the children received from one parent, were counteracted by the bad ones received from the other.

The proposition for a school, though it excited some surprise, was not received with much cordiality. For the experiment had often been unsuccessfully tried in Finlay. The noisy ignorance of the children, their dislike for study, and rebellion against all order, had never failed to disgust and discourage the teacher. He seldom maintained his authority more than a month. At the end of that time, he generally gave up his attempt and quitted the school.

But Charles felt a deep and tender interest in the children he proposed to instruct. He therefore resolved, could he once prevail on the parents to consent, that nothing should induce him to relax his endeavors for the improvement of his pupils. He set before them all the vice and misery, which by the bad habits that were now acquired and the ignorance that prevailed, they were bringing on the village and their children. With this state of things he contrasted the prosperity and happiness which a good education and early habits of industry and application must produce.

Though they could not deny the justice of these arguments, he still found them obstinate. Some were poor; others wanted their children to work. These and the like excuses, were continually brought forward. Charles, however, had a ready answer to all their objections; and, after long and eloquent persuasion, he obtained from them a reluctant consent. This satisfied him, and immediately making every preparation, he commenced his school the following week.

SECTION VI.

The School — Interest shown by Charles for his Pupils — Sunday School — Mr Ludlow — Success and good results of the School.

THE novelty of a new school made all the children desirous of attending, and Charles found that he had as many as he could manage. He governed them mildly but firmly. Never, when he could possibly avoid it, did he inflict corporal punishment. And so soon did he gain their love, that his displeasure was more dreaded by them than the severest whipping.

He sought to render the lessons of his pupils pleasant by explaining clearly, before they were learnt, every thing that was difficult, and by using every variety of means to interest them in the studies they pursued. He encouraged such of their amusements as were conducive to health, at the same time, contriving others which united usefulness and pleasure. He endeavored to convince them of the sin of idleness and cruelty, and to make them feel an abhorrence of falsehood and deceit.

His interest in his pupils did not cease, when they left the school and engaged in the affairs of active life. He made himself acquainted with their sports and pursuits at home. He studied their different characters and dispositions, and his advice was adapted to each. From every incident which occurred within his

knowledge, he drew some moral or religious lesson, and at suitable times, enforced it on their minds.

It would be a happy day for all our schools, if teachers would pursue a course with their pupils, similar to that pursued by Charles. Then would their health be preserved, where it is now daily injured. Then would the characters and dispositions of the young be fully understood, and advice be given at proper times—and that too, which would be truly valuable. And then would the ten thousand *little things* of life, serve as pleasing and profitable subjects of conversation between teachers and scholars.

It was, however, no easy task to instruct children who, when away from the school, seldom had before them a single good example, and who had been suffered from infancy to follow their own idle and mischievous propensities. But Charles was not easily discouraged, when he already saw an amendment in the manners of those under his care. Imploring the blessing of heaven on his efforts, he persevered; and they were eventually crowned with success. The children became more orderly, studious, and obedient.

Thus encouraged, Charles next thought of extending his benevolent designs, and opening, for the religious instruction of his pupils, a Sunday School.

There was no preaching in Finlay. The children, of course, knew no difference between the Sabbath and other days, except that they

regarded the Sabbath as a day of greater freedom and mirth than the other days. The few people in Finlay, who were piously disposed, went a distance of five miles, to hear Mr Ludlow. But there was scarcely a child in the village who had ever seen the inside of a meeting house. Charles, therefore, proposed to appropriate the Sabbath afternoon to religious instruction and improvement.

Mr Ludlow, who was always his confident and adviser, approved of his plan. Charles then requested his pupils to come the next Sunday afternoon to the school room. Anxious for the success of his experiment, and accompanied by his sister Mary, he went early, and found them all assembled. They rose with respect, as their beloved instructor entered. After commending them for their punctual attendance, Charles explained the object of his calling them together, and endeavored to urge upon them the necessity of the truths he should teach them.

With the assistance of Mr Ludlow, he furnished with a bible and a hymn book, all who did not possess them before; from each of which a portion was to be learned for a Sunday lesson. The children seemed pleased with this plan, and were deeply attentive to their instructors.

Pleased with the promised success of his benevolent plan, Charles continued his Sabbath exercises. He had the happiness to see his school increase weekly, and to hear the lessons which he gave his pupils, repeated more and

more correctly, and with greater feeling and interest. After these were finished, he usually talked to them in such plain and simple language as they could easily understand. The subject of what he said to them was more interesting, because it was generally drawn from some incident that had happened among them during the walk that had just passed.

In this school Charles found great pleasure. From the time he commenced it, the village began gradually to improve. He was beloved and revered by those who listened to his instructions, and by others, who, though they partook not of them, saw and felt their influence.

The business of the farm occupied his leisure moments. But so well did he manage, that his school suffered no neglect, and he was able to have some assistance. He labored himself—though cheerfully and patiently.

The good that had already followed his efforts, stimulated him to greater exertions. The happiness of his mother and sister—the increasing content and prosperity of the village, filled his heart with joy and gratitude, and elevated it to the contemplation of that Supreme Being who rules in justice, and orders all things in mercy.

We are now prepared to present a few incidents which occurred in the region where Charles resided, which are not only interesting in themselves, but serve to show the method by which Charles accomplished his object—that of reforming them and elevating their character.

CHAPTER II.

T H E P R I Z E .

IN this chapter we find an account of the apparent good that results from offering prizes to the young, as stimulants to action. This mode of managing children, in a place like that of Finlay, where instruction had been neglected, was doubtless a proper one. An appeal to feelings more noble in their nature than those which are low and groveling, and which can be affected only by *trifling rewards and prizes*, would, probably, among the children of this village, have produced no good.

Hence, it may sometimes be found necessary, in certain circumstances and states of society, to resort to this system of management. It is one of those modes of reform which, for some years to come, teachers may find useful. It cannot, however, belong to any good system of education which begins with infancy. For when right motives are presented to a child that has been properly trained by his parents at home, he will invariably be led to act from these alone at school.

We hope,—we ardently believe,—that the time is coming when even our *common* schools shall be so conducted, that the only reward

which the pupils desire, and the only one which the teacher considers it safe to give, is that which we FEEL when we have done right.

SECTION I.

George Benson and William Sanford—Their parents—Their Characters—Attachment of George to William.

GEORGE BENSON and William Sanford were about the same age, and both pupils of our young teacher, Charles, whom for the future we shall call Mr Hartland. These were near neighbors, and though unlike in their tempers and dispositions, they had always been friends and playfellows. George had no mother. His father was an industrious and well-principled man. His house was managed by a maiden sister, who tenderly loved George, and, as far as she knew how, spared no pains to instruct him. George was sensible of her kindness, and he always treated her with respect and obedience. He was a good, generous boy, and was never known to tell a falsehood.

William had a mother, but she was one of those idle, gossiping women who attend more to other people's concerns than their own. His father loved to frequent the tavern, and drink and gamble, better than to regulate his children and provide honestly for their maintenance.

William, of course, was pretty much his own master. As his temper was naturally hasty, he grew passionate and selfish, as he grew older ;

and was so much addicted to falsehood that nobody would trust him. He was disliked by all his companions, because he often told untruths to escape punishment himself, which caused them trouble. He quarrelled for what did not belong to him, or grasped at too large a portion of what should have been equally distributed. George was the only boy in the village who ever took his part, or felt for him any affection. He knew William very intimately. He saw that he had many good qualities, and pitied him for the neglect in which he was suffered to live.

William had a kind of awe of George, who seldom did wrong. And the upright conduct of George made William fear to offend him, and seek to conceal from him many of his faults. George, however, saw enough of them, and kindly sought to correct them; for he sometimes thought that William was wronged by his playfellows, who all seemed to combine against him. William was a boy of good capacity, and could, when he applied himself, excel in his studies. This readiness to learn, though it too often excited the envy of his mates, gained him the approbation of Mr Hartland.

George was happy whenever William did right, and never failed to praise and encourage him. Indeed, his attachment to this ungrateful boy, was surprising. But as William had no brother or sister, he always, when he was in difficulty, came to George for advice. He also allowed George to have more influence over him than any one else, which, perhaps,

riveted his affection, and made him more desirous of improving William.

SECTION II.

Mr Hartland's interest in the Amusements of his Pupils—
The Garden—The "gilt Bible"—The Flower Beds.

MR HARTLAND, as has already been said, took an interest even in the amusements of his pupils, and did not hesitate to devise new ones for them;—such as united usefulness and pleasure. There was nothing, however, which he thought better calculated to produce early habits of industry and order, than the cultivation of a garden, which was very little attended to in the village. He knew from experience the benefits resulting from it, and the ease with which even a boy of ten or twelve years old might manage it. For he had himself, when no older than these boys, the whole care of that of his mother. He therefore requested the parents of his pupils to allow each of them a small spot of ground which they might call their own. Though some laughed at what they termed the whim of Mr Hartland, others were pleased, and saw at once the wisdom of the plan—hence the request was readily granted.

Mr Hartland himself directed the first arrangement of each garden, which the boys began diligently to put in order. Each one was pleased with the novelty, and anxious to have his own surpass the rest, and in the autumn obtain the

prize, which was a handsome gilt Bible. This was to be given to him whose garden was most carefully attended, and was consequently the most productive.

In the meantime, throughout the summer, there were to be lesser prizes distributed to those who produced the finest vegetables, melons, &c.—each in their season. Mr Hartland supplied with seeds those who could not elsewhere procure them, and very soon each little garden began to assume a neat and thriving appearance.

A bed for herbs and flowers was likewise given to the girls in the corner of their brother's garden, which Mary Hartland cheerfully furnished. She said that she had more than she wanted herself, and should not have to cultivate them for others, since every garden would now contain them. Her flourishing beds of herbs, and her beautiful flowers, nicely tied up to prevent their being broken down by the rain, had long been the admiration of the village children. The girls, in particular, who stopped every day, as they went from school to look at them through the fence, were delighted with their appearance. Mary was so kind that she often gave them some of the flowers. They now resolved to take care of their own, and keep them in as good order as hers. Some of them did so, but others grew weary, and allowed their flowers and herbs to be choked with weeds.

This was also the case with the boys. But in none was the contrast more striking than in the

gardens of George and William. There was not a weed to be seen in the garden of George. The lettuce was so green and forward, the vines so flourishing, the carrots and beets so large and abundant, that every one said—"George will get the gilt Bible."

William heard this with envy ; and though he wanted the Bible very much, he took no pains to deserve it himself. His desire to obtain the prize was increased by an offer from his father. He had told William that he should have half a dollar the day he brought it home. But the alleys of William's garden were already overgrown with grass, and the weeds were much higher than the vegetables.

George loved William so well that he would have been very glad to have seen him obtain the prize, because he knew it would gratify him ; and that to deserve it, he must become a diligent and patient boy. For some time he had great hopes of this. As their gardens were only separated by a little fence, while the novelty lasted, William worked cheerfully and industriously. But he soon grew tired, and while George continued busily employed, he would throw himself lazily on the ground, or steal slyly away, and run to the common to play with the idle boys. George said a great deal to prevent this, but it had little or no effect.

SECTION III.

The Water Melons—William neglects his Vines—The Radishes—George's kindness to William, when William had injured him.

ABOUT this time Mr Hartland said that he who showed the earliest and largest watermelon, should be presented with Miss Edgeworth's "Parent's Assistant," neatly bound in two small volumes, and embellished with engravings. Every one was instantly animated with a desire to obtain the wished for prize. Even William spent every leisure moment in working for several days. But his vines had been so long neglected that they were but just in blossom, while George who had carefully watered his every day, had several melons, and one already nearly as large as an apple. William saw this with envy, because he thought it was that which must obtain the prize. He declared that his land was the worst in the village, for there was not a garden in it which looked half as bad as his.

George good humoredly told him the cause, and upon condition that he would not suffer his garden to be overgrown with weeds, even sometimes helped him in his work. Very soon a small melon appeared on William's vines, but it was not so large as George's. The selfish boy, notwithstanding all his friend's kindness, now secretly wished that something might prevent George's melon from growing. But his wishes were vain. It grew very fast, and George turned it every day that it might ripen in the

sun. George was a favorite in the village. All who saw his melon felt pleased, and wished if they did not obtain the prize, it might fall to him.

William was so angry at his bad success that he would never ask any one into his garden. Mr Hartland once looked over the fence, but shook his head. As he saw its disorder, he remarked—"Ah, William, you, who *can* do so well, should not suffer your garden to look worse than George Benson's."

William said nothing, but looked down in sullen silence. Instead of being pleased with the praises, which George had received from Mr Hartland, he felt angry and envious. And when afterwards he went to speak to George, who had just come from school, and was at work in his garden, he walked over a fine bed of radishes, purposely to injure them. For there was a smooth alley, not choked with weeds like his own, in which he might have walked, had he chosen to do so.

George saw him, and was grieved—more by the temper he displayed, than the injury done to the radishes. He only said, very gently—

"William, I will thank you, when you go back, to walk in the path; for you have trod down some of my finest radishes, which I had promised my aunt to pull for her to-night."

"No matter; then you will not get a *prize* for them," answered William sullenly.

"But I shall please my aunt," replied George; "I certainly wish to do that as much as to gain

the prize ; for she is very kind to me. I shall also please Mr Hartland. I was going to carry his mother a bunch, knowing that Mary had none so large in her garden."

"Oh, it is *Mary*, then, after all, that you want to please," said William, with a sneer ; "but I shall take care, Mr George, not to come into your fine garden again, since you make so much ado because I happened to step on a paltry radish."

"I do not value the radishes so very much," said George calmly ; "but you know, William, if I had purposely walked over one of your beds, you would have been vexed. I am sorry that you are offended. But I will only remind you of what Mr Hartland so often repeats to us.

'Be you to others kind and true,
As you'd have others be to you ;
And neither do nor say to them,
Whate'er you would not take again.'

William felt that he had done wrong, but he was not generous enough to acknowledge it. Muttering to himself, he went back, while George quietly endeavored to repair the damage done to his radishes.

Mr Hartland, who had been walking round the village, viewing the different gardens, was returning home to dinner. He had got as far as Mr Benson's when this little dialogue took place. As he walked slowly past the fence, though George and William were too much engaged to perceive him, he could not avoid hearing it. It gave him a better insight than he had yet obtained into the character of the two boys,

and strengthened the prepossession which he already felt for George. He resolved to observe them attentively, hoping that some opportunity would present itself, when he could correct and humble William, and make him sensible of the superior worth and generosity of George.

SECTION IV.

The "Melon Show"—Dishonesty of William—Manly conduct of George—George receives the Prize—the pupils enjoy a feast—Mr Hartland's reproof to William—William's reform.

THE day at length approached for exhibiting the melons. William had several good ones, but none so large as George's, whose vines were very fruitful. The one George intended to offer was very large, and designed as a present to Mr Hartland.

The day previous, George went out to gather it. But his father told him it would taste fresher if left as long as possible on the vines. So he turned it over to the sun. Seeing William in his garden, he went to him, and asked what he intended to present.

Pointing to several, George observed that they were very fine, and even if they did not obtain the prize, would show that he had taken some pains for it. This doubtless would please Mr Hartland.

William said he intended to take one, for he thought they appeared larger off the vines than

on. "Or, perhaps," he continued, "I shall yet find one equal to yours ; for I have not searched much among the vines, they may be hid under the leaves."

George, though he thought it strange that William should expect to find such an one, offered to help him. William coldly answered, that he did not want any help, and observing that he should not look till the next day, he turned away, and they both went home.

Early the next morning, George ran into the garden with his penknife open, ready to cut the melon from the stem. But what was his surprise and sorrow, when he reached the spot, to find it gone ! There were many rinds lying about the spot. George, supposing some one had eaten the melon and thrown them there, took them up and examined them. But he found that they must have belonged to a much smaller melon, and evidently an unripe one, which he was sure was not the case with his. The person who had taken his melon, had doubtless left those rinds there to deceive him, by leaving him to suppose that the melon was eaten ; and therefore it would be in vain to search for it.

While he stood reflecting on what course to pursue, he saw William, at a little distance, going along the road. George called loudly after him, wishing to inform him of his misfortune. But William, without ever turning his head, walked on very fast ; and at last began to run. George again called out to him to stop, con-

vinced that he must have heard him ; but all to no purpose.

The conversation which passed between them the day before, and the present strange conduct of William, excited the suspicions of George. He knew that William was angry because he had no melon as large as his own. But George was very unwilling to believe that he would carry his ill feeling so far as to take what did not belong to him. He resolved to question William about it in private ; and to avoid any difficulty, to take the largest melon he had remaining, and say nothing of the other. Nor did he lose all hope of obtaining the prize. For there were few, if any, melons in the village, which could equal, in size, even this.

It was Saturday. The melons were to be exhibited in the afternoon. With a heavy heart George went to school in the morning. William was not there, and his absence strengthened the suspicions of George.

When George had finished his dinner, he took the largest melon from his garden, and went with it to Mr Hartland's. On the green, before the house, was placed a long table, around which all the boys were assembled. At the head stood Mr Hartland, waiting to pass his judgment on the melons. The tempting prize was lying before him, ready to be given to the one who best deserved it.

"Here comes George Benson," cried the boys, as they saw him approach ; "with as large a melon, I will warrant you, as any here."

George slowly walked up. Each boy stood with his own melon on the table before him. The first thing that George saw, was his large one in front of William Sanford, who evidently had presented it as his own, and who boldly held up his head, with an assured look of courage and defiance.

George started and changed color. He feared that William had taken his melon; but he had no suspicion that he would dare to offer it before him as his own. William, in truth, had so firm a reliance on the generosity of George, that he ventured to carry his guilt there, knowing well, that George would rather lose his prize than betray him. And in this he was not mistaken.

George felt more sorrow for this convincing proof of William's wickedness and ingratitude, than from any other cause. Though he now determined to represent to him in private the dreadful consequences that must result from such conduct, yet he would not, for the world, have had him exposed to the displeasure of Mr Hartland, and the contempt of his school-fellows. William certainly deserved all this; and George feared to speak to him, or look at him, lest he should cause him to betray his guilt.

"Come forward, George, and let us see your melon," said Mr Hartland; "we are told you have the largest in the village." George said nothing. He could not help sighing, as he placed his melon on the table.

"William Sanford's is the largest," said the

boys, in a disappointed tone. George had not claimed his melon, and William, though the fear of detection made him sometimes change color, began to feel at ease.

"How is this, George," asked Mr Hartland, "that William Sanford, in his garden overrun with weeds, has produced a larger melon than you, who have kept yours in such nice order?"

William trembled, and his conscience smote him, when George answered in a faltering voice,

"He has taken great care of his vines, sir."

"But when I saw your garden last," said Mr Hartland, "I am sure, you had a larger melon than this, had you not?"

"Yes, Sir."

"And what has become of it? I should suppose that you would have saved the largest for this exhibition."

George was silent a few moments, and Mr Hartland repeated the question. George, then, who never told an untruth, unwillingly said, "It was stolen, Sir." Mr Hartland, in his turn, was silent, and then turning to William, whom all began to suspect, and who was pale with fear, said,

"Where did you get this melon, William?"

"I took it from my garden yesterday."

"When was it put there?"

"I planted my melons in May, when the other boys did their's."

"You do not answer me directly," said Mr Hartland. "Remember, William, that God both

sees and hears you, and though I cannot read your heart, he can."

William was silent, and George, pitying his distress was going to intercede for him, when Mr Hartland continued,

"Your silence and your appearance are sufficient proofs of your guilt, had I no other. But by this mark"—he pointed to a singular white spot, just below the stem of the melon—"I know that this melon belongs to George Benson. I observed it very particularly, when I saw it lying in his garden."

William burst into tears, but nobody, except George, pitied him, and Mr Hartland went on,

"I am astonished by the act, which, notwithstanding the kindness and generosity that George has always shown you, your selfish disposition has led you to commit. I have seen many instances of his goodness and forbearance; and this is not among the least. But while they have raised him in my estimation, I have been grieved, that among my pupils one could be found capable of such selfish and envious feelings as I have seen you exhibit. I saw you tread down his radishes, because you were angry at the superior neatness of his garden. And now, relying on his friendship, for concealment, you have taken from him by stealth, the melon, which, with so much toil, he had raised, and for which he expected and deserved the prize I now present him."

He then gave the books to George, who, though he at the same time glanced at William a look

of kind compassion, received them with a graceful bow.

George merited the prize, not only for his generous conduct, but because his melon was much larger than any which were shown; and the boys, now forgetting their own disappointment, in pleasure at his triumph and success, pressed round to congratulate him. William felt that he was despised; and completely humbled and ashamed, he covered his face with his hands, and sobbed aloud.

When George had again obtained possession of his own melon, he presented it to Mr Hartland, begging him to accept it as a token of his grateful affection. Mr Hartland took it with great pleasure, because he knew it would gratify George; and he expressed his approbation of George's conduct. George then requested him to forgive William. Mr Hartland replied, that he would, when he saw in him, symptoms of sincere penitence and amendment; but till then, he could not receive him into favor.

Mary Hartland now placed on the table some fruit which she had gathered from her garden. Some of the melons were cut, and Mr Hartland, after commending the boys for the fine specimen they had produced from their gardens, desired them to sit round the table, and enjoy the little feast, as a reward of their good behavior and industry.

They all placed themselves as Mr Hartland directed; and mirth and happiness reigned among them. Mary also was there, and many

of her schoolmates, who decorated George's prize melon with large bunches of flowers gathered from their own beds. They placed the melon in the centre of the table, where it was admired and praised by every one.—Mr Hartland desired George to sit at the head of the table, but as he was about to obey him, he cast a sorrowful look at William, who stood back unnoticed and neglected. Mr Hartland understood him, and shook his head, saying,

“No, we cannot admit a boy who loves only himself, to share our pleasures.”

“Go, William,” he continued—speaking so loud that all might hear—“Go, reflect upon your conduct, and ask pardon of God for your falsehood and wickedness. Endeavor, by your future behavior, to repay George for his generous friendship and forbearance. You see that you are losing my approbation, and the love of all your schoolfellows. If you continue in the course you have begun, you will find that the fruits of bad conduct are very bitter, and that you will have to suffer many mortifications, even more humiliating than the present. Go, and let this be a useful lesson to you ; and while your mates are enjoying the reward of their good behavior, reflect on what has past, and resolve to conduct yourself differently for the future. Especially think and act upon that golden rule which I heard George repeat to you, when you ill-naturedly trod down his radishes ; to “do to others, as you would wish, they should do to you.”

William made no reply ; but he was heartily sorry and ashamed. He could not be insensible to the generous conduct of George, who refused to expose him, and even pleaded in his behalf. He went home, and began to work in his garden, resolving to become a better boy.

When George returned from Mr Hartland's, he found William busily weeding his lettuces. His eyes were still red with weeping ; and when he saw George, he ran to him, confessed all, and implored his forgiveness. This George readily granted, and at the same time, gave him much friendly counsel, which he promised to observe.

The next day, at the Sunday School, Mr Hartland affectionately addressed his pupils on the subject of doing good to others. William listened attentively, and seemed much affected ; which Mr Hartland, though he said nothing to William, observed with pleasure.

From that time William daily improved, and by his good behavior not only gained the approbation of Mr Hartland, but the love of his schoolfellows, and the friendship and esteem of George. He was so penitent for the affair of the melon, that Mr Hartland forbade the children even to mention it.

Although George had gained the gilt Bible in the autumn, William had the satisfaction to obtain several smaller prizes in the course of the summer. In fact, William's garden, though not so productive as it would have been, had he atten-

ded to it earlier, was nearly as flourishing as the rest in the village. So studious and obedient was he in school—so industrious and peaceable out of it—that Mr Hartland soon pronounced him one of best boys in the village.

CHAPTER III.

THE DISOBEDIENT BOYS.

WE hope that all the readers of the following story will give it great care and attention; and never allow themselves to forget, that although their parents and teachers may not know, at the time of their doing wrong, in what they may be engaged, God's eye is ever upon them. And whenever bad boys try to lead them away, we hope they will remember the sad end of RICHARD DANTON.

SECTION I.

Richard Danton and his Mother—Fishing—Walter and Jane Selby—Richard tries to have Walter go with him—Jane endeavors to prevent Walter's going—Walter goes.

"MOTHER, may I go a-fishing?" said Richard Danton, one fine summer day.

"No," replied Mrs Danton, a sickly complaining woman, who now sat in the corner sipping some tea. "You know I have often told you never to ask me. And since poor Samuel Palfrey was drowned in the river, I should not think you would wish to go."

"But I do want to go, mother," said Richard

pettishly. "Other boys go, and why shouldn't I? There is no danger of drowning, for the water is so low now, that you might wade to the shore from any part of the river.

"Well, low water or high, you need say no more about it," replied his mother; provoked by his teasing. "For I tell you once for all, you *shall not go*."

Richard seldom obeyed his mother, who had not energy enough to enforce her commands; and he now went muttering from the house, resolved to do as he pleased. He had several times gone a-fishing without permission. He had quarrelled with the boy who had been his companion, and who threatened, should he go again without his parents' knowledge to inform them of it. Richard, fearing he would put his threat into execution, resolved once more to endeavor to gain their consent. But not succeeding, he determined again to venture without it, and bribe the boy to secrecy by giving him half the fish he caught.

With these thoughts he walked slowly from home, and as it was school hour, his mother supposed that he was going there. But the wicked boy had no such design. He, however, did not wish to fish alone, and he looked round to find some one to accompany him. He had not gone far, before he met Walter and Jane Selby, the only children of a widow who lived at no great distance from Mrs Danton's.

Mrs Selby was a quiet, industrious woman, minded only her own business, and endeavored

to bring up her children well. Though Walter was so fond of play that he sometimes forgot what his mother told him, he was kind, affectionate, and obedient. Trusting to her affection for forgiveness, he was occasionally enticed by other boys into mischief. Jane who was two years older than her brother, was not so easily led away. She always endeavored to prevent Walter's doing what she thought wrong, or what she knew would displease her mother.

Walter had a fine large dog, called Cesar, which was very sagacious, and a great favorite with all the children in the village. Richard now stopped to caress him, and while doing so, asked Walter if he was going to school.

"Yes," replied Walter, "though it is quite late, for mother was not very well today, and we staid as long as we could to assist her."

"Well," said Richard, "it is too late to go to school," and Mr Hartland will punish you for coming at this time."

"Not when he knows the reason of it," interrupted Jane; "for he is always pleased when children do all they can to help their parents."

"La, Miss Jane, I did not speak to you," said Richard. "So you may go on as fast as you choose. It is Walter that I want."

"But I shall not leave him," replied Jane. "So come Walter, if we stay talking here any longer, Mr Hartland will certainly punish us for playing truant."

Walter walked on with his sister, but Richard ran after them, crying, "Never mind her,

Walter; it is too late to go to school. I am going a fishing, and if you will go with me, I will lend you a hook and a line. We shall have a fine time, and nobody will be the wiser for it."

"Oh, I should like to go," said Walter, stopping; "but I fear mother will not like it if I do."

"She will never know it," replied the artful Richard; "for Jane is a good girl, and will not tell her. We shall be back in an hour, and your mother will think you have just come from school."

"Oh, Richard, how can you teach my brother to be so wicked?" said Jane. "You must not mind him, Walter, for I *shall* tell mother, who has often told you never to go. Besides, should I go to school, and should Mr Hartland ask me where you were, I could not tell a falsehood."

"How cross you are, Jane, and what a fool you are to mind her, Walter;" said Richard. "I would not care for her, but if *you* choose to, you may. I cannot lose all this pleasant afternoon. So good bye to you. I shall have a fine little boat all to myself, and catch plenty of fish, which Mr Carter, at the tavern will be glad to buy at my own price."

"Stop," said Walter, "I *will* go, and Jane may tell if she likes. So come along Cesar." And away he ran after Richard.

SECTION II.

Richard and Walter enter a Boat and go down the River—
Jane awaits their Return—The Thunder Storm.

JANE followed Richard and Walter, begging her brother not to go, and telling him how displeased her mother and Mr Hartland would be. For Mr Hartland, since one of his scholars was drowned in the river, had forbid any of the others going out in a boat, unless accompanied by some older person who was accustomed to rowing.

The boys would not listen to Jane, but ran on to the river side, where was tied a small boat. The river presented a beautiful, unruffled surface, and the trees and houses of its opposite bank were reflected from it as from a mirror. The air was still, and the echoes of the sportive voices of these heedless youth, resounded from the distant hill sides. Every thing around wore the appearance of pure loveliness and beauty.

Richard quickly unloosed the boat and jumped into it. Walter and Cesar followed him, and poor Jane, when she saw them push off, could not refrain from weeping. She feared to go and tell her mother, and sitting down on the bank, she watched the little boat, as it glided along the smooth river. While the boys were in hearing, she often called to them not to go far from the shore; but they made her no answer. She listened till she could no longer hear the dashing of their oars, nor the merry

sound of their voices. She then strained her eyes till the boat appeared scarcely larger than an egg shell; and soon after by a bend in the river, she lost sight of it entirely.

A whole hour she sat with her eyes fixed on the spot where she last saw it—but no boat appeared. Anxious lest any accident should befall the boys, she walked backwards and forwards, hesitating whether or not, to run and tell her mother. She finally thought, as it could not hasten their return and would only make her mother unhappy, it would be better to wait where she was, till they came back. Hoping they would soon return, she again sat down and endeavored to amuse herself by weaving a chain of the hollow stalks of the dandelion flowers which grew upon the bank.

Another hour passed heavily away, and still nothing was to be seen of the boys. The day had been unusually hot, and the sun, which was near setting, was now obscured by a heavy, black cloud. Jane feared that a thunder shower was approaching, and with anxiety she watched the gathering storm. The cloud spread very rapidly, and soon the whole heavens were overcast. In the mean time, bright flashes of lightning, and loud and frequent thunder dreadfully terrified poor Jane, who wept bitterly, and ran as far along the bank as possible, to look for the boat. The wind blew so violently, that she could scarcely stand, and the river which before had glided on so tranquil and serene, now

with fury dashed its dark waves against the shore.

The place where Jane stood was so retired that no one passed by to offer her any comfort, and as the poor girl gazed, first at the threatening sky, then at the agitated river, almost frantic with despair, she exclaimed—"They will, they must be lost."

While Jane was carefully watching for the return of the boat, it suddenly appeared, just turning the bend of the river. She uttered a cry of joy, and impatiently waited for it to reach the shore. It approached nearer and nearer, and she soon distinguished Richard, Walter, and Cesar.

The wind now opposed their course. Jane saw the boys laboring with all their strength to row the boat along. Walter knew nothing of its proper management, and Richard but little more. So they moved very slowly. The wind continued to blow, the waves rose very high, and though Jane could not see distinctly, she thought the boys seemed to be almost exhausted. However, they had nearly reached the shore, when a violent gust of wind upset the boat. She saw them sink in the river!

Without knowing what she did she attempted to rush in after them, as though her feeble arm could save them. In a few seconds more she too would have been in the deep river.

But a man who happened to be returning from work, passed along at the moment the boat upset, and having heard Jane scream, and seen

her run towards the water, he caught hold of her saying—"Will you drown yourself? Stay here, and I will endeavor to save them."

Hastily throwing off his coat, he humanely jumped into the river; while Jane having seen the rashness of her attempt, weeping bitterly, sat down on the ground. Cesar had already seized Walter by the collar, which kept his head above water; and swimming with him to the shore, dragged him upon the green, dry bank. Quite spent with the exertion, he then lay down beside him. Overcome with joy, Jane now threw her arms round Cesar and Walter together. The affectionate animal wagged his tail for joy, and licked her hands and face, as if he understood and sympathized with her.

Walter had been so quickly drawn from the water, that, though very much frightened he had not lost his senses for a moment. Being naturally a kind, affectionate boy, he now turned to his sister, and, as he was safe, begged her not to cry. He was quite sure he would never disobey his mother again. Then inquiring after Richard, he rose and went anxiously to look for him.

The man had with some difficulty caught Richard, and was just landing with him in his arms. He laid him on the grass, and they all gathered round him, but he neither breathed nor moved. Believing him to be dead, they were just going to call some assistance, when the footsteps of somebody were heard, and looking up, they beheld Mr Hartland.

SECTION IV.

Mr Hartland calls at Mrs Selby's to inquire the reason of the children's absence from School—He goes to the River—The body of Richard taken to a House—A Physician sent for who tries to bring Richard to Life—Richard is found to be Dead—Mr Hartland informs the Parents of Richard of his Death—Death of Richard an Impressive Lesson.

AFTER the close of the school, Mr Hartland had called at a house in the village, and had been detained there some time by the shower. When its violence was a little abated, he had set out to go home, but passing by the cottage of the widow Selby, he observed her standing at the door, anxiously looking up and down the street.

As Walter and Jane had been absent from school—a thing very unusual for them—he stopped to inquire the cause. Mrs Selby was surprised to hear that they had not been at school. Her anxiety then became very great. She informed Mr Hartland, that she had sent them, though rather later than usual ; and had now been, for more than an hour, wondering why they did not return. She knew that Walter was sometimes led away by bad boys, and she now feared that he had fallen into some mischief. Mr Hartland, himself, felt uneasy, and offered to go in search of the children—an offer which Mrs Selby gratefully accepted—for she was not well enough to go from home herself.

Mr Hartland, though he knew not what direction to take, immediately set out, for it was growing late. He had not walked far, however, before he met a lad, of whom he inquired concerning Walter and Jane. This boy informed him, that he had seen them a few hours before, in company with Richard Danton, running towards the river. Mr Hartland was not pleased to hear that they were with Richard, who had the character of a disobedient, bad boy. He walked hastily on; for if they had been on the water during the dreadful thunder shower, he feared they were lost.

He went directly to the spot where the fishing boats usually lay, and was alarmed by the spectacle which met his view—Richard lying lifeless on the bank, and Jane and Walter beside him weeping. The man, who had come to their assistance, was rubbing the face and hands of Richard, and vainly striving to recall him to life.

The children rose, as Mr Hartland appeared. Their tears now flowed faster than ever; while Walter hung down his head to avoid the penetrating eye of his instructor.

“Sad accident this,” said the man, who though rough, was honest and kind hearted. “Had it not been for that dog, the other boy would have met the same fate as this poor fellow.”

Mr Hartland now made some inquiries respecting the affair. Walter who tenderly loved Jane, wishing to free her from all blame, and being also heartily sorry for his own conduct,

related every thing that had happened from their first meeting with Richard. He humbly implored Mr Hartland's forgiveness, and promised never again to disobey those who knew better than himself.

"I hope, Walter," said Mr Hartland, "after beholding the fatal effects, which, I fear, will follow the disobedience of yourself and Richard, you never will. For there is little prospect that he will ever revive. And if he should not, what an awful, what an impressive lesson will this be to you! May the children who hear of it, always fear to disobey the commands of their parents!"

He then commended Jane for her conduct, bidding her and Walter to go home, and get dry clothes; but directing them, at the same time, to request their mother to say nothing of Richard, lest the alarm should too suddenly reach his parents, till every means should be used for his recovery.

They obeyed, and Mr Hartland, with the assistance of the man, carried Richard to the nearest cottage, and sent directly for a physician. He soon arrived, and every exertion was made to restore the unfortunate boy, but in vain. Richard was dead, and the doctor, with many expressions of regret, declared that nothing more could be done for him.

Mr Hartland was shocked and grieved, and dreaded to inform Richard's parents of their misfortune. He felt it a duty, however, to offer them all the consolation in his power. He,

therefore, hastened to break the intelligence to them as gently as possible, before it reached their ears from any other quarter, which, as the news was fast spreading through the village, he feared, it might do.

It was quite late when he knocked at their cottage door, which was opened by Mrs Danton, who was just preparing for bed. Her husband, half intoxicated, sat upon a wooden bench, smoking. Richard had never been a good boy, and as he was often out even later than this, his parents felt no alarm. He was an only child, and being weak and sickly, had always been excessively indulged by them.

By degrees, Mr Hartland told them what had happened. The intelligence seemed to arouse Mr Danton from the stupor of his drunkenness, and so violent was his grief, that not all the soothing arguments of Mr Hartland had the least effect upon him. He abused his wife for permitting Richard to go upon the water, though she repeatedly told him that she had expressly forbidden it. Unable to support his accusations and her own sorrows, she fell into convulsions.

Mr Hartland felt sincere pity and sympathy for these unhappy parents, whose anguish was increased by the bitter regret, that they had not better fulfilled their duties towards their child. The neighbors now began to crowd into Mr Danton's to offer comfort and assistance ; but Mrs D. had already partly recovered from her convulsion. Mr Hartland, finding that any further assistance would be of no avail at present,

left the house, intending to return when they were a little more calm.

On his way home, he called at Mrs Selby's. Walter and Jane had gone to bed, and Mrs Selby had just heard the fate of poor Richard. She was much affected by it, and fervently expressed her gratitude to Heaven for the preservation of her boy, whose life had been in equal danger. She hoped the untimely end of Richard would afford an impressive lesson to others, and to Walter in particular.

Mr Hartland was anxious to impress the event on Walter's mind. He therefore proposed, should he be well enough on the following morning, to carry him to the house where Richard lay, and show him the dreadful end to which disobedience had brought Richard. Mrs Selby approved the plan, and early the next morning Mr Hartland led him to the house where the body of Richard lay; for it had not yet been removed to his father's.

"Walter," said Mr Hartland, "*behold the fatal effects of disobedience!*" Walter was much affected, and appeared deeply penitent. Many other children who had heard of the event, stood round the bed, looking at the pale face of their companion. Mr Hartland improved the solemn moment to give them an impressive lesson which they ever after remembered. It deeply affected Walter, who never again wilfully transgressed the commands of his mother.

On the following day, Mr Ludlow attended the funeral of poor Richard, at which Mr Hart-

land desired all his pupils to be present. On Sunday, at school, the subject of the little address which composed part of his Sabbath instruction, was OBEDIENCE. Many parents were present, and all were silent and deeply attentive.

From this time, an improvement was observable in those children who had before disregarded the commands of their parents, and also in those parents who had attended but little to the care and instruction of their children. And it is hoped that all those who read this story, will be warned by the fate of Richard, to remember that disobedient children are, sooner or later, punished.

CHAPTER IV.

THE NECKLACE.

SECTION I.

Mrs Frazier—Lucy, her adopted child—Lucy's bad habit of lying—she goes to School.

MRS FRAZIER was the widow of the Mr Frazier who had, for many years, been the acting Justice of Finlay. She was left in comfortable circumstances, and was universally esteemed for her piety, her benevolence, and her unwearied exertions to promote the happiness and welfare of those around her.

She had no child, and though her means of support were extremely limited, she resolved to adopt one whom she might bring up, for assistance and comfort to herself, and usefulness to others. As charity, with her, was an active principle, she was greatly influenced by it, in her choice.

Observing a pretty sprightly girl, of about six years of age, the daughter of a poor neighbor who had a large family, with only small means for their support, she asked permission to carry her home. This was readily granted, and from that time, she became, in every respect, a mother to her.

This little girl, whose name was Lucy, had

before this lived without moral or religious instruction, or the benefit of good example. Her mother was a weak, sickly woman, and the little time she could spare from her own complaints, was devoted to the common wants of her children. To satisfy these to the best of her abilities, she thought, was the extent of her duty towards them; while the father, neglecting all business, gave himself up to idleness and intoxication.

Mrs Frazier flattered herself that Lucy was too young to have been influenced by the bad principles and habits of her parents. But in this she was mistaken. Lucy possessed an active mind, and as no good had been instilled into it, she naturally followed the examples of those around her, and was hastening to vice and ruin, when Mrs Frazier providentially rescued her. Mrs Frazier soon felt a tender interest in her little charge, and by persevering in a course of mild, but firm discipline, she hoped, by degrees, to lead Lucy into the path of piety and virtue.

Lucy was docile and affectionate. She appeared grateful for the kindness of Mrs Frazier, and a few months produced a great alteration in her manners and deportment. Yet she was in the habit of telling falsehoods; and this deeply rooted vice was the only one which did not appear to yield to the kind persuasion and remonstrances of Mrs Frazier. Lucy was almost daily detected in violating the truth, and Mrs Frazier sometimes nearly despaired of her amendment. But her success in correcting

Lucy's other faults, induced Mrs Frazier to redouble her efforts, which she yet hoped might prove effectual.

Lucy was twelve years old when Mr Hartland opened his school. She was not able to tell her letters when Mrs Frazier took her, but she had been instructed with so much care, and she had applied herself with such diligence, that very few of the scholars could read as well, or repeat their lessons so correctly as she did.

This excited Lucy's vanity, and she often assumed very improper airs towards those who were deficient in their lessons. She boasted of her own success, which excited the ill-will of her companions. This conduct gave much trouble to Mr Hartland, who took great pains to learn the dispositions of his scholars, and was very anxious for their improvement and amendment.

SECTION II.

The Pedler—The String of Beads.

MRS FRAZIER often sent Lucy on charitable errands to the sick and poor of the village. For though she was obliged to use strict economy to support herself and Lucy, she yet found means to afford many things which were useful and comfortable to those whom sickness or old age had rendered unable to work and provide for themselves. Lucy was pleased with executing these commissions, and Mrs Frazier wished to impress on her mind the duty of charity, and

teach her that not only the wealthy, but even the humblest individuals may have it in their power to do something towards relieving the sufferings of their fellow-creatures.

One day as Lucy was going towards a cottage with some cloth which Mrs Frazier sent a poor woman to make shirts for her half naked boys, she chanced to meet a pedler, who accosted her, and asked her if she did not want to buy some of his pretty things. Lucy hesitated, but looked, with wistful eyes, on the toys and and trinkets which were displayed in his box. The pedler saw that she desired to purchase. Improving his opportunity, he drew out a string of beads, and showing them to her, said :

“ Look, Miss, at this nice necklace. It would appear finely on your white neck ! ”

Lucy's vanity was excited. She examined the necklace, and longed to become its possessor. The man again asked her, if she would take it.

“ I should like it,” she answered. “ My mamma,” (for so she called Mrs Frazier,) has promised to let me go and see a dance that is to be in the village next week, and I have none of those fine things to wear which other girls have. But,” she added with a sigh, “ I have no money to buy them with.”

“ Well, only look at them, Miss,” continued the pedler. “ Perhaps your mamma will give you money enough to buy one, they are so cheap. I will let you have one for half the price, I gave for it.”

"Oh, no," said Lucy, "I know she will not give me any money. Though I take so much pains to please her, she would rather throw it away on the poor folks of the village."

At that moment, indeed, Lucy forgot all the kindness Mrs Frazier had shown her, and thought only of her own foolish wishes. She, however, continued to gaze on the beads, which sparkled in the sun, and certainly looked very tempting.

"Poor child," said the pedler, who observed her attentively. "I wish I could afford to give you one. It is a pity that such a pretty girl should not have what she likes to wear! But what have you in that bundle? Perhaps we can make an exchange."

"It is some cloth," answered Lucy, "I am carrying to Mrs Goodwin, to make shirts for her ragged boys."

"Oh, that is money thrown away," replied the artful pedler. "They will soon wear them out, and be as bad off as they were before. But this necklace will last a great while, and all the little girls will wish they had one like it."

Lucy's resolution began to fail. She thought within herself, if I could change half this cloth and get a necklace, and carry the other half to Mrs Goodwin, mamma would never know it. She asked the price of the necklace. It was half a dollar. She looked on the cloth, and the man observing her, inquired how much there was of it.

"Six yards," Lucy replied.

"Oh, well," said he, "I suppose, it was a shilling a yard. Now if you will let me have

half of it, that will just pay for the necklace. And it will never be known how you came by it."

Lucy hesitated. She felt that she was acting wrong, but overcome by the temptation, she at length yielded. The man divided the cloth, and Lucy with a pleasure that was greatly damped by the upbraidings of her conscience, took possession of the trinket. She immediately carried the cloth to Mrs Goodwin, who received it with many grateful acknowledgments of Mrs Frazier's kindness. At the same time she bestowed many praises and thanks on Lucy. Poor Lucy blushed deeply, and did not look cheerful and pleased as usual on such occasions. She knew that she did not deserve these praises ; and no one can feel easy, while doing wrong, even if the guilt remains undetected. She felt as all children do in such circumstances, unless they are very wicked. She was unhappy. She knew she had done wrong ; and she feared to look upon any one she met, as she was going home.

Lucy had these unhappy feelings, because she had not done as God would have *every one* do. He tells us, in the bible, that we must never do wrong ; and he has so made us all, that when we do any thing that is not right, we *feel* what we have done.

SECTION III.

Lucy carries the Necklace Home—and afterwards takes it to School—Mr Hartland takes the Necklace from her and goes with it to Mrs Frazier's—Lucy's bad conduct discovered—The Pedler.

AFTER leaving the cloth, Lucy returned home. She carefully deposited the necklace in a little box, where she usually kept her choicest things, but the dread of a discovery constantly pursued her. She feared to wear it. She became weary of looking at it, and began to reflect more seriously on her conduct—for she naturally possessed great sensibility.

She now remembered the tenderness and kindness of Mrs Frazier towards her, her zeal for her welfare, and the admonition she had received, suited to the very fault, she had now committed. She had made a false step, and though firmly resolved never to be guilty of falsehood or deceit again, that step could not be recalled. She had not resolution to confess her fault to Mrs Frazier and ask forgiveness, as she should have done. It was the only atonement she could now make, and though nothing would justify what she had done, this would, in some degree, have palliated her fault.

For many days Lucy continued restless and uneasy. She felt, as all who do wrong must feel, that guilt carries a severe punishment along with it. By degrees, however, her fears of discovery subsided, and she resolved to sell the

necklace, and give half of the money to the poor, which, she thought, would make amends for her bad conduct.

On the very day, therefore, of the village dance, Lucy, with trembling apprehension, carried her necklace to school, and on the first favorable opportunity, exhibited it to the admiring gaze of one of her most intimate companions. The girl inquired where she got it. With little hesitation, for one fault always leads to to another, Lucy answered,

“Mamma gave it to me for learning my lessons well. But I have no use for it. I would rather sell it, and give the money to the poor, which I am sure she will like. You shall have it for half a dollar.”

They were still busily talking, when Mr Hartland walked towards them, to inquire why they were not studying. Lucy hastily endeavored to conceal the necklace, but Mr Hartland observed it, and asked why that bauble was brought to school to divert their attention from their books. He also asked her to whom it belonged. Lucy answered, that it was hers.

“Where did you get it?” asked Mr Hartland. Lucy replied, “I found it in the road when coming to school, a few days ago.” But her confusion was so great that Mr Hartland could not avoid noticing it. Suspecting that all was not right, he took it from her, saying, that she should have it again at a proper time.

Lucy was very much alarmed, and would have begged for it to carry home with her; but

she knew the firmness of Mr Hartland so well that she dared not ask for it. Her tears flowed abundantly. Conscious guilt and the dread of discovery quite overpowered her. When she returned home, Mrs Frazier observed that she had been weeping, and kindly inquired the cause. Lucy told her that it arose from a bad headache, and after supper, she gladly retired to bed.

In the evening Mr Hartland called at Mrs Frazier's, and, as usual, was cordially welcomed. He asked for Lucy, and said, he came to restore a trinket he had taken from her, which she had improperly carried to school, and accordingly presented it to Mrs Frazier. Her astonishment was very great. She told him, she had never seen it before, and very much feared that it had not been obtained by fair means. If Lucy had found it, as she asserted, why did she hesitate to show it to her?

Mrs Frazier was the more ready to suspect Lucy from her well known propensity to falsehood. For it actually happens, that when persons are often detected in telling wrong stories, their word is not much relied upon. Mrs Frazier, however, took the necklace, and with coolness and deliberation determined to search into the affair.

Mr Hartland soon after took his leave, and Mrs Frazier, left to herself, could scarcely restrain her emotion, at what she feared would prove a new instance of guilt in Lucy. She recollected no circumstance that could throw any

light upon the subject, till it at length occurred to her, that Mrs Goodwin, to whom Lucy had carried the cloth, might have given it to her. Mrs Goodwin had once been wealthy, and this trinket, as a part of her former ornaments, might still have been in her possession. The hope, however, was faint, as in this case, it appeared improbable that Lucy would have concealed it from her.

The next morning Lucy arose at her usual hour, though not with her usual gaiety. She had passed a sleepless night. The dance, for which she had sacrificed so much, was over; but she had not been able to attend, and the discovery of her bad conduct now appeared inevitable. Mrs Frazier said nothing to her about the necklace, but as soon as Lucy had gone to school, she went to the cottage of Mrs Goodwin, where she hoped to discover something respecting Lucy's conduct.

Mrs Goodwin, after the usual salutations, began to speak of the cloth which Mrs Frazier had sent her, and with all the warmth of a grateful heart, thanked her for her kindness. Mrs Frazier inquired, if there was enough for both of the children, saying, she thought six yards would be enough for such little creatures.

Mrs Goodwin replied, she had made it as economically as possible, but added, that there must be some mistake in regard to the measure, as she had received but three yards. Fortunately, however, having a little money by her, she bought three yards more of a pedler who

came along that day, and had some exactly like it.

Mrs Frazier's suspicions were now painfully excited, and on carefully examining the different pieces, no doubt remained of its being a part of the same cloth. Mrs Goodwin was a pious, sensible woman; and Mrs Frazier did not hesitate to acquaint her with her perplexity and distress. While they were yet talking of it, one of the children came in, and informed his mother that the pedler, of whom she had bought some cloth the week before, was passing along, and asked if she wanted to see him again.

Mrs Frazier desired the boy to call him in, and the man, supposing he should have an opportunity of disposing of some of his articles, came in immediately. Mrs Frazier interrogated him respecting the cloth he had sold Mrs Goodwin. Seeing him hesitate and look confused, she assumed a tone of decision, and affirming it was a piece she had lost, told him, if he did not confess the whole transaction, she would have him instantly arrested. The man was intimidated; and after many excuses and protestations of innocence, confessed the truth.

Mrs Frazier severely reprimanded him, and obliged him to return Mrs Goodwin the money she had given for the cloth. Restoring him the necklace which she had brought with her, she bade him instantly leave the town, telling him, if ever he appeared in it again, she would have him taken up for a swindler.

After the pedler had gone, Mrs Frazier sat

down and wept bitterly. Her hopes were disappointed in the object she had long cherished, and fondly loved. Lucy's deviations from truth were so frequent and obstinate, notwithstanding the endeavors to reclaim her, that she now almost despaired of her amendment. Mrs Goodwin endeavored to comfort and console her.

"Do not despair," said she, "for with divine assistance, your object may be yet accomplished. Perhaps this is the time for God to make known His power and mercy, by changing the stubborn heart which you have not been able to subdue."

Mrs Frazier was consoled. Resolving to trust all things to Him who orders every affair aright, she took leave of Mrs Goodwin and returned home. At the door she was met by Lucy. Mrs Frazier, however, passed her without speaking. For her temper was naturally warm, and she wisely delayed speaking on the subject, till her feelings became more tranquil and resigned. She then sent for Mr Hartland, and after relating to him every circumstance, they consulted together on the most prudent measures to be observed in regard to Lucy.

SECTION IV.

Lucy's penitence—Her confession to Mrs Frazier—A confession for the school—Mr Hartland reads the confession to his scholars—Lucy's good conduct.

WHEN Lucy met Mrs Frazier on her return from Mrs Goodwin's, she was awed by the un-

sual severity of her countenance, and the agitation and grief that were apparent. Lucy's heart failed her, and instead of going to school she retired to her chamber, and gave free vent to her grief and repentance. She doubted not that all was discovered ; but even the shame of detection, that she had so long dreaded, was not half so painful as the recollection of her ingratitude to her kind benefactress, and the sorrow her ill conduct had caused. Her contrition was, indeed, deep and sincere ; and though late, she resolved to confess all, and beg the forgiveness of Mrs Frazier.

Lucy was in this situation when Mrs Frazier sent for her. She knew that Lucy had not been to school, and, in passing her door, had heard her sob aloud. But she forbore to interrupt her, hoping that her penitence would prove lasting, and produce amendment. When Lucy now entered the room, her swollen eyes and deep dejection seriously affected Mrs Frazier. She took Lucy's hand, and kindly drew the sorrowing child towards her. Lucy burst into tears, and sank on the floor beside her.

"You cannot, cannot forgive me, mamma," she said, covering her face with her hands ; "I am not worthy of your love."

Mrs Frazier raised, and tenderly embraced her. "You are again my own dear Lucy," she replied ; "I trust your repentance is sincere, and I pray God that you may be established in the path of duty." Her own eyes overflowed, and

Lucy, throwing her arms around Mrs Frazier's neck, said—

“Oh, how good you are, my dear mamma. But you do not know how very wicked I have been. If you did you could not forgive me.”

“Yes, Lucy,” she replied, “I know all, and I pardon all. But you have yet to ask the forgiveness of your Heavenly Father, against whom you have offended. Humble yourself before Him, and seek His assistance and direction for your future conduct. As a test of your sincerity, I must require you to show yourself, as a warning and an example to others. Have you firmness to do this, my dear girl?”

Lucy willingly consented to do everything that was required of her. Mrs Frazier then told her that she must write from her own heart, a confession of her faults, and carry it to Mr Hartland, the next day, who would read it aloud to the school. She desired Lucy to reflect seriously on all that had passed, and if in the morning she felt the same disposition and readiness to comply with her request, she trusted her amendment would be effectual. She then affectionately kissed Lucy, who, greatly moved by her kindness, retired for the night.

At breakfast the next morning, Lucy appeared composed and firm in her resolution. She had risen at the break of day to write her confession, which she now gave to Mrs Frazier, and asked her if it would do.

Lucy could write a neat hand, but she was not much accustomed to compose. Mrs Frazier,

therefore kindly consented to correct and alter the confession, where necessary. Lucy then copied it for Mr Hartland to read. It was as follows :—

“To my dear Benefactress, and to my kind Instructor, I confess with shame and repentance the sins I have committed, of falsehood, deceit, and ingratitude. Most fervently do I ask their forgiveness, and sincerely resolve, with the assistance of heaven, that I will never more offend, but will try to perform my duty, and at all times to conduct honestly, and to speak the truth. I hope all my faults will be a warning to my companions, and that they will never be guilty of the crimes which have caused me so much sorrow and grief.”

Lucy blushed deeply when she entered the school where all the children were assembled. She kept her eyes fixed on the paper, walked very firmly to the desk, and gave it to Mr Hartland. He took it with a smile of approbation. Lucy stood close behind him, for all eyes were fixed on her, and the poor girl covered her face with her handkerchief, to conceal the tears which she could no longer restrain.

Mr Hartland requested the scholars to rise, while he read Lucy's confession in a voice that could be heard. He then addressed them in a feeling and impressive manner, on the guilt of indulging in those faults for which she now suffered—the sorrow they prepare for themselves, who dare to offend that great God who sees the heart, and knows the most secret thoughts.

Lucy then took her accustomed seat. After school the children gathered round her, and seemed unusually eager to show their good will and affection towards her. Lucy returned home, where she was received with great kindness by Mrs Frazier, and relieved from the load of guilt which oppressed her.

She again became cheerful and happy. But she never forgot this lesson. From that time, she became remarkable for her love of truth, her candor, and her sincerity; and well repaid Mrs Frazier for the care and anxiety she had bestowed upon her.

CHAPTER V.

THE LITTLE BASKET MAKERS.

SECTION I.

James and Susan Grant—Their parents and grandparents—
Their father and mother die—James and Susan, with their
sister Fanny, live with their grandmother—Fanny goes
from home.

IN the retired part of the village of Finlay, was situated a cottage, or rather a hut, composed entirely of logs, and to appearance scarcely large enough to contain a family. It was occupied by a very aged woman and her two grandchildren, whose names were James and Susan Grant. Although this house was so unpromising in its appearance, it was the abode of industry and contentment.

The inside of the house was divided into two apartments. One contained the clean and comfortable straw beds, where the family slept, and the other was occupied by day. There was but little furniture in it, and that of the most simple kind. An old fashioned arm-chair, in which Mrs Grant was usually seated, a round oaken table, which from constant rubbing was worn smooth and bright as glass, and a few wooden benches, with some cooking utensils, formed the whole of their establishment. Yet everything was arranged with the greatest care and neatness. A few pewter plates, from which they ate, were placed on shelves, and shone like

silver. The floor was scoured white as snow, and in one corner was deposited a large bible, and a small collection of religious books and tracts. From these, the children, every evening when they had done working, read to their grandmother who was nearly blind, and unable to see, herself.

The outside of the hut was nicely white-washed, the windows always kept clean, and the door step free from dirt. Behind the building was a small garden, which James cultivated with such success, that it produced vegetables enough for their use; besides some currants and gooseberries, which he took great pains to raise for his grandmother.

Mrs Grant had been a most active and useful woman—a pattern of neatness and industry in her own family, and ready to assist all who were in distress or misfortune. The villagers placed great confidence in her skill and experience in sickness. She was ever ready not only to advise them, but when necessary, she would watch by their sick beds, patiently bear with their infirmities, and administer to the wants of expiring nature.

Mrs Grant's life was, indeed, one of humble, unassuming usefulness; of sincere, but unostentatious piety; and when called to many and severe trials, she was able to bear them with Christian patience and resignation. Her husband had been an honest and good man, but unhappily too enterprising for his limited means. He purchased a large farm, and, possessing a

robust constitution, depended on a long life to free himself from debt.

But the hopes thus cherished were disappointed. He was suddenly cut off in the midst of his days. His widow, with five children was turned from her house, and without a shilling to assist her, obliged to seek another shelter. But the firmness of Mrs Grant did not forsake her. The children had been brought up in habits of industry, and the older ones could do much to help her. She hired a small cottage, and was so much prospered, that in a few years, by the united exertions of herself and children, she laid up a sum of money sufficient to purchase it.

Again Mrs Grant looked forward to comfort and peace in her old age. But her eldest child was suddenly attacked by a disease which soon terminated his days; and in less than four years, three others, all in the bloom of youth, were called to follow him. One only survived—a promising girl, who, not long after, married a young farmer of the same name with herself that was her cousin, and commenced life with the most flattering prospects. For many years she lived happily with her husband. James was born, and afterwards she had twins—Susan and Fanny. But, by degrees her husband became infected with the universal wickedness which reigned in Finlay. He was enticed to the tavern and gaming table, his farm was neglected, and his business became deranged. His wife remonstrated with him, but to no effect. He

daily grew worse, and at length died in great want and remorse.

Mrs Grant returned to her mother, but her heart was broken by unkindness and sorrow, and she died soon after her husband. On her death-bed, she left her little orphans to the care of her mother, and her last moments were spent in advice and instruction to them. James was nearly seven, and the twins five years old, when their mother died ; and all the affection of their grandmother soon became fixed on them. But she was now very old and infirm, and being obliged to depend entirely on her daily labor for support, was often straitened for necessary articles.

The children did all they could to assist her, though they were so small, that this was but little. And when, a few months after their mother's death, a sister of their father called at the cottage, and requested to carry Fanny home with her, Mrs Grant, though with reluctance, felt obliged to consent. For she supposed the child would be better provided for, as Mrs Ross—for this was the lady's name—had no children, and was in good circumstances.

Mrs Grant parted from her with many tears, and fervent prayers for her welfare. But Fanny, as is usual with children, felt great delight at the idea of riding in a wagon, and seeing the pretty things which Mrs Ross promised her. Susan felt lonely for some time after Fanny left her, but by degrees, she became used to working and playing without her ; and as every mo-

ment was occupied in some way or other, she never found the time pass heavily.

SECTION II.

Basket making—Industry of James and Susan—They sell their Baskets at a neighboring town.

JAMES and Susan were both sprightly, good-tempered children, and being fond of their grandmother, and grateful for her kindness to them, they did every thing in their power to assist and please her. She taught them to read, and James took care of the little garden; while Susan knit up the wool that Mrs Grant spun, into stockings, which she sold, and thus earned considerable money towards their support. She could also do plain sewing very well, and she always mended all their clothes quite neatly.

As the children grew older, they were able to do much more. And when Mrs Grant's eyes failed, so that she could do little except knit, and was obliged to leave spinning, Susan endeavored to learn to spin. She applied herself with such industry, that she soon succeeded very well. James was an ingenious boy, and having one day seen a man weaving baskets, he thought, if it were possible to succeed in making them, he might earn something, to help them along in the winter that was approaching. He, therefore, observed the basket-maker carefully. The man, pleased with the modesty and attention of

James, willingly taught him to prepare the willow twigs, and to form them into baskets.

James went home, and communicated his plan to Susan. She was much pleased, and promised to assist him. This was kept a profound secret from the grandmother, as they wished to try first, and if successful to surprise her, by showing a basket quite completed.

In pleasant weather, the children amused themselves every evening, at sunset, by playing on the green sloping bank before the door. Their grandmother, seated in her arm-chair, which was drawn towards the step, enjoyed their innocent gambols, almost as much as they did themselves. As she became more infirm, however, and consequently afraid of the damp air, she was obliged to remain within the room, and content herself with hearing the sound of their merry voices.

James and Susan, thus left to themselves, began their experiment of making baskets. At first, they met with considerable difficulty in sloping them right. After repeated trials, however, they finished a small one. With great delight and triumph, they carried it to Mrs Grant, who had been much surprised at their silence for so long a time. Susan, followed by James, entered the cottage, smiling, and holding the basket behind her. Mrs Grant did not, at first, notice them; but going up close to her, Susan said,

“Grandmother, what do you think James and I have been doing?”

"Nothing wrong, I am sure," she replied, "for you were always good and kind children."

"Well, put on your spectacles, grandmother, and I will show you."

Mrs Grant did so. She examined the basket, and for some time, would scarcely believe, it was made by their hands. She praised their ingenuity and perseverance, and freely gave them leave to enjoy all their leisure time in weaving baskets.

The children, delighted with their success, and the approbation of their grandmother, immediately set about their new employment with great industry. In a short time they were able to make baskets with expedition and neatness. They rose every morning by day-break, to gain time for the performance of their other duties, and prepare for school, where they were always punctual in their attendance, and so diligent and studious, that Mr Hartland bestowed upon them many praises and rewards. While Susan prepared their simple breakfast, and arranged the household affairs, James attended to the garden. At noon, Susan had time to spin for her grandmother, while James collected and prepared the willow twigs to make baskets.

Having been brought up in habits of regularity, they were never hurried in their employments. They did every thing in its proper time and place, and never put off from one day to another, that work which was necessary. At night, when they returned from school, they ate, from new bright pewter basins, their supper

of bread and milk, with good appetites and cheerful hearts, and then sat down on the green bank before the door, to weave their baskets. James usually made the largest ones, and Susan with great dexterity and skill, plaited the twigs into a variety of pretty forms—some open work, and with covers, which were much admired, and soon became in great demand. James contrived to make a light, hand wagon, which would hold a good many baskets, and as Mr. Hartland did not keep school on Saturday afternoon, he always went, at that time, with his little load, to a neighboring town, which was much larger, and more wealthy than Finlay. At this place he had usually the good luck to dispose of as many baskets, as he and Susan could make during the week. Susan, as she had work enough to employ her at home, did not always go with him. Sometimes, however, when her grandmother had knit up several pair of stockings which she wished to sell, Susan carried them to town.

These children were so modest and obliging, that every one was pleased to assist them, and buy of them. They often exchanged their things for wool and other necessities, and the money they received was carefully put into a little purse, and carried to their grandmother.

SECTION III.

Death of Mrs Ross—Fanny sent home—Fanny's idleness and bad habits—Susan tries to show Fanny how to work.

WHILE Susan, and James by their labors, were gaining the love of all who knew them, and contributing to the support of their grandmother and themselves, their sister Fanny, who still remained under the care of Mrs Ross, was growing up in a very different manner. Mrs Ross had no children, and was excessively fond of Fanny. She indulged her in every whim, and never obliged her to work, or to do any thing which she did not like.

As a consequence of this mode of management, Fanny was ignorant of every kind of labor, and could not read a sentence without spelling almost every word. Instead of endeavoring to learn, when sent to school, she often ran away, and played till it was time to go home again. When she was twelve years old, Mrs Ross died. Mr Ross, intending to remove to a distant part of the country, and not wishing to be encumbered with Fanny, sent her back to her grandmother.

James and Susan were at school, when Fanny arrived at home. Mrs Grant received her with great kindness, and hoped to find her as good and industrious as her brother and sister. When they came from school, they did not at first remember her, for she had lived at a distance from them, and had never been at Finlay

since Mrs Ross first took her away. They were, however, very affectionate towards her, and delighted with her return. Fanny, too, was pleased for awhile, but the next morning when called to their early breakfast, she was vexed at being waked so soon, and would not get up.

Susan was surprised, but supposing her fatigued by her ride the day before, suffered her to lie as long as she chose. She did not rise till James and Susan had gone to school; and when they returned, at noon, they found her sauntering round, without any employment whatever. Susan, who was quite unused to see any one so idle, inquired if she would not like some work. She answered "no," and Susan quietly took out her spinning wheel, and began to reel off the yarn.

Mrs Grant, who saw the fault of Fanny, and bitterly lamented that she had ever parted with her, gently remonstrated, and offered to teach her to knit, or to do any thing she wished. Fanny said she could knit. Ashamed of remaining idle, when every one was busy around her, she took up a stocking that Susan had already partly finished. She, however, let down so many stitches, and seamed and narrowed so often in the wrong places, that Mrs Grant was obliged to take it away—telling her at the same time, that she should have some knitting of her own, and Susan would be pleased to instruct her.

Fanny sat down sullenly in one corner, without making any answer. But Susan, who was

grieved and surprised, tried, by every means she could devise, to make her cheerful and willing to work. Yet Fanny did not seem to be happy ; for those who do nothing are usually dissatisfied with themselves, and peevish towards others. Every now and then, she glanced her eyes towards Susan, who had reeled off her yarn, and was now singing cheerfully, and spinning some flax. Susan, who observed her peevishness, and her looking at the wheel, begged her to try to spin. Fanny half reluctantly approached, but in her attempt to spin, she broke the thread in twenty places. Her hand and foot would not move together, and pettishly rising up, she almost overthrew the wheel. Poor Susan was quite discouraged ; but she calmly resumed her seat, and commenced work again.

In the evening, as usual, James and Susan sat before the door to weave baskets. Fanny, who was with them, could not but admire their dexterity and the beauty of their work. Susan made another attempt to teach her, and Fanny was at first pleased with her new employment. But she soon became weary of it, and found so many difficulties, and destroyed so many twigs, that James, who had less patience than Susan, declared she should have no more willow to break up. He soon, however, repented of his anger, for he was really good natured and affectionate. And to make amends, he selected some of the best twigs, and offered to show her again. But Fanny would not be conciliated, and sat

pouting at some distance from James and Susan, till it was time to go into the cottage.

James and Susan, as was their custom, every night before going to bed, read aloud, in a clear and distinct voice, a chapter in the Bible. When they had finished, Mrs Grant requested Fanny to follow their example. She complied, but read so badly, that it was impossible to understand her. Her grandmother, pitying her ignorance, and hoping that she would exert herself to do better, suffered her to retire without making any remarks upon it.

The next morning Fanny rose to breakfast, and consented to go with her brother and sister to school. But being unaccustomed to restraint, she soon grew tired of it. She was so deficient in her lessons, and read and spelt so much worse than other children of her age, that she felt quite ashamed. Instead of resolving to be more studious and attentive, she resolved not to attend school again. James and Susan endeavored to encourage her, but she paid little attention to them. She usually passed her days in idling about, and climbing fences, or in some other rude amusement in which she sadly tore her clothes; and not knowing how to mend them herself, Susan was obliged to mend them for her.

Mrs Grant, though infirm, and nearly blind, could not help noticing the ill-conduct of Fanny, which gave her much anxiety and trouble. But the heedless girl paid no attention to her admonitions or reproofs. At length, finding that

Fanny grew worse by indulgence, Mrs Grant forbade Susan's mending her clothes, and likewise told her, she should not have any new ones which she did not earn by her own industry. Fanny heard this in sullen silence, but she did not set about mending her frock, till it was almost torn in pieces; while Susan's, though it had been worn much longer, was whole and tidy, because she darned or patched every hole, as soon as any were discovered.

SECTION IV.

The Basket Makers again go to Market, accompanied by Fanny—Fanny in chasing butterflies, tears her frock, and falls into a mud puddle—the children stop at the house of a Farmer—a Lamb is given to them.

ON Saturday afternoon, James and Susan were going to sell their baskets, as usual; but Fanny, who wished very much to accompany them, began to think that her frock was too dirty and ragged. After fretting about it till they were almost ready to go, she was obliged to ask Susan to show her how to mend it. Susan readily assisted her, and washed and ironed it herself, so that it looked quite neat and comfortable again. Fanny seemed grateful for her kindness. All three then took leave of their grandmother, and set off in high spirits.

They had proceeded about half way, when Fanny, seeing a beautiful butterfly perched on a shrub by the way side, ran after it, in hopes of

catching the poor insect. But it flew from her, over a high fence, and alighted on a flower. Fanny was following it, when Susan called, and begged she would not hinder them, as they had already waited for her, and it was growing so late, she feared they should not reach home till dark. But Fanny did not heed her. She had already climbed to the top of the fence, and, in attempting to jump down, her frock caught in one of the rails and threw her to the ground.

James and Susan, seeing her fall, ran to her assistance. She, however, got up as soon as possible, and fortunately did not receive any hurt except a few scratches on her face and hands. But she had fallen into a mud puddle, and was covered with dirt from head to foot. Besides, her frock was very badly torn. She began to cry aloud from vexation and shame. James and Susan, who, notwithstanding her folly, really pitied her, did all they could to soothe and make her fit to be seen. Susan washed the dirt off at a brook which was close by, and pinned up her frock as well as she could. This delayed them for some time, but they at length proceeded on their way. Fanny, however, did not recover enough from her fright, to appear cheerful again.

When they arrived at the town, they happened to call at the house of a rich farmer. His wife, who was much pleased with their modest good behavior, bought several baskets, and two or three pair of Susan's stockings. She also asked many questions respecting their situ-

ation, and Susan, with great simplicity, gave an account of their grandmother and themselves.

All this time, Fanny stood without speaking, playing with a little basket she held in her hand. She was ashamed of her appearance, and still more, that she had no proofs of industry to show, and, of course, could receive no share of the praises bestowed on her brother and sister. The lady noticed her, and asked if she "made that little basket?"

Fanny cast down her eyes, and returned no answer. She was then asked if she could spin, or had knit any of the stockings. Still she did not reply, and Susan, who felt sorry and ashamed for her, told the lady that Fanny had lived from home till lately, and had not yet learned to do those things. The lady suspected the truth, but she was pleased with Susan's wish to conceal her sister's faults, and anxious to reward her own industry.

While they were talking, the lady observed the children gazing with much interest and pleasure on a flock of sheep that were feeding in a pasture near the house. Finding that they had none of their own, she ordered a fine lamb to be tied to their little cart, which they had left at the gate. On seeing it, their surprise was very great, and supposing it had been put there by mistake, they went back to the house to make some inquiries. The lady met them at the door, and, with a smiling countenance, told them it should be their own, if they would accept the little creature, and take good care of it. The

children eagerly expressed their gratitude and pleasure. Having gone through the town and sold the rest of their load, they returned to their grandmother with light hearts.

They had been so much delayed on their way, that it was considerably later than usual, when they reached Finlay. Mrs Grant, therefore, began to be alarmed at their absence, and was watching impatiently for them at the window. She was much surprised when Susan appeared, leading the little lamb. Susan hastened to give her an account of it, and the good woman was indeed delighted with their success. For she enjoyed all their childish pleasures, and felt grateful when their goodness was rewarded.

As the children had much to relate that evening, Mrs Grant allowed them to sit up longer than usual. All except Fanny appeared cheerful and happy ; but she had been so idle that she could not participate in their feelings, nor enjoy their reward.

The lamb soon became a great favorite. It was so docile and playful, that, in a little time, it learned to eat from their hands. They obtained leave to pasture it in a neighboring field, and James had plenty of vegetables in his garden to feed it with. Every evening, when they were weaving baskets on the bank, it loved to sport on the fresh grass beside them, and they always saved a share of their bread and milk for it.

Mrs Grant, finding Fanny so troublesome at home, obliged her to attend school every day, with her brother and sister. Though Fanny

dared not disobey, she often went with reluctance, and applied herself so little to her books, that her improvement was very slow.

On Sunday, in particular, James and Susan were punctual in their attendance at the Sabbath School; always taking care to be in the school room as soon as Mr Hartland. They listened with great attention, endeavoring to remember what he said, and repeat, as nearly as possible, the substance of his remarks, to their grandmother when they went home.

SECTION V.

Mr Hartland's School visited by the Parents of his Pupils—
Reward given to Susan—Fanny sent from the School for idleness—She goes from Home—Her Reform.

ABOUT two or three times a year, Mr Hartland invited the parents of the children to visit the school, in order to witness their improvement. As there were now few people in the village who were not convinced of the benefit of his instructions, they usually attended with interest and pleasure. Their presence greatly excited the children to industry and application, as all were anxious to do well, and likewise very careful to appear in their neatest and best attire.

Some time before that eventful day, Mrs Grant told her grand-children, that, till then, they might have all the profit of their baskets, to purchase new clothes to appear in. They

accordingly set about working with great alacrity, that they might get money enough for the purpose. Even Fanny, who had learned to weave the baskets quite neatly, though she never worked long at a time, applied herself industriously, that she might appear as well as the others. So successful were their efforts, that a week before the appointed time, they were able to procure neat and comfortable garments. Susan, who could do any kind of plain sewing extremely well, undertook to make them up, and Fanny so far overcame her indolence, as to render considerable assistance.

The day at length arrived, and the children, dressed in their new clothes, repaired to school. The scholars, considering that most of them had been entirely neglected, till Mr Hartland commenced his school, recited their lessons remarkably well. He had been so unwearied in his exertions to instruct them, that none could fail of improving, except those who took no pains to learn, or were very stupid.

There were few, however, who were so correct, or excited so much praise, as James and Susan. When they received Mr Hartland's smile of encouragement, and heard the whispers of approbation around them, they would have felt quite happy, could Fanny have shared their praise, and if their dear grandmother had been there to hear it. But her infirmities confined her at home, and Fanny did not read intelligibly, nor answer scarcely a question that was put to her. She saw some smiling, and heard

others say, "What a pity Fanny cannot do as well as her brother and sister!" While Mr Hartland, finding that she could say nothing at all, desired her to leave the class. Poor Fanny, humbled and ashamed, sunk into a corner from observation, where she vainly regretted, that she had not exerted herself as industriously in learning her books, as she had done in procuring new clothes.

When the exercises were concluded, it only remained for Mr Hartland to bestow the reward. There was little doubt to whom it would be given. And though some were disappointed, there was not one who did not acknowledge Mr Hartland's justice, when he presented it to Susan. She received it with modest pleasure, and then Mr Hartland addressed his scholars and praised their good behavior. He particularly noticed those who had excelled, but said that the superior industry and application of Susan, had now secured her the prize which he doubted not would soon be equally deserved by many others.

Mr Hartland then called Fanny to him, saying that she was the only one, who had made no exertions, and showed no desire for improvement. He reproved her for indulging such habits of indolence, and ordered her to leave the school, till she felt some regret for her past idleness and a desire to improve in future. Then, and not till then, should he be willing to receive her. Fanny was obliged to obey, and James and Susan, who felt for her the most sincere

regret, obtained permission to return home with her.

Mr Hartland pitied Fanny, while he condemned her. He hoped, that the mortification which she experienced, would produce a good effect on her mind, and rouse her to exertion. But the habits of Fanny had become so firmly rooted by long indulgence, that it was no easy task to remove them. She often resolved to reform, and for a time applied herself diligently, yet her resolutions soon yielded to her habitual indolence. And Mrs Grant, now far advanced in years, had lost that energy and decision which once would have governed and controlled her.

The lady, who had given a lamb to the children, being in want of a little girl to assist her in the family business, called at Mrs Grant's cottage in hopes to obtain Susan, with whom she had been so much pleased. But Mrs Grant could not think of parting with her, and Susan was not willing to leave her grandmother, who depended so much on her assistance. Mrs Grant, however, offered to let Fanny go. She did not attempt to conceal her faults, but hoped, that by skilful and judicious management, she might in time overcome them.

The lady, anxious to serve a family, whose good habits had excited her interest, consented to take Fanny a few months on trial. Fanny, being willing to go, went immediately home with her. She was there treated with great kindness, but found little leisure to indulge her indolence. Constant care was taken to find

employment for every moment, except those devoted to recreation and sleep, and a great improvement was soon visible in her manners and conduct. She was frequently allowed to visit her grandmother, who received much gratification from this change, and entertained strong hopes, that she would, in time, become as useful and diligent as her brother and sister.

James and Susan continued active and industrious in the discharge of their duties—showing to others the benefit of early acquiring correct and steady habits, and finding in the peace and contentment of their own hearts, the reward of industry and virtuous exertions.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BIRD'S NEST.

SECTION I.

Mary Hartland—The School Boys with a Bird's Nest—The Girls desire them to return it—A dispute about the Nest—The Boys pursued by Mary, put the Nest on the tree whence it was taken.

As Mary Hartland was busily working in her garden, one morning, before school time, she heard the voices of children on the other side of the fence, as if disputing about some contested article. The fence was so high she could not see over it, but she looked through a knot hole near the gate, which opened into a field. She perceived a group of children gathered round two boys, who were eagerly contending about a bird's nest, which one of them held in his hand.

It belongs to me, said Joseph Scott, the largest boy, "for I climbed the tree, and got it down."

"But I *saw* it first," replied Frank Morris, "and have as good a right to it as you, though if you will give me half the eggs, I will be contented."

"You ought to do *that*, Joseph," said some of the boys who stood near, "and if you don't, we will take them *all* from you."

"You ought neither of you to keep it," said Rose Wilmot, a fine little girl, about ten years old. "For you both know how wicked and cruel it is, to steal from the poor birds their nests, which they have taken so much pains to build."

Several other girls who thought as Rose did, but were afraid to speak first, now joined her, and besought the boys to carry back the nest, and put it where they found it.

Mary Hartland, who, through the fence, heard and saw all that passed, now opened the gate, and came out. She had a kind and tender heart, and could never bear to see even a fly wantonly destroyed. Her mother and brother had taught her, that every creature which God had made, unless necessity or safety required its death, had as good a right to live, as herself. And, when walking, she would carefully avoid treading on any insect, and always turn out of her path that she need not injure ant hills, the inhabitants of which, she regarded as examples of industry and order.

She walked towards the children who stood under the shade of a large oak tree. The girls, as soon as they saw her, ran to meet her, telling her the cause of the dispute, and begging her to persuade the boys to carry back the nest. Mary replied that, as she had overheard all that passed, while at work in her garden, she came out for that purpose.

She then represented to the boys the cruelty of taking the nest of a harmless bird, and be-

sought them to carry it back before the parent missed it. She was a great favorite with the school children, who always went for her assistance, when they were in any difficulties. Even those who were bad, sought to hide their evil and mischievous propensities from her, so kind and gentle was she to all.

The boys when they had listened to her, all excepting Joseph, said with one accord, "Carry back the nest." Even Frank who had been so anxious to possess it, now wished to return it, and was sorry that he had assisted in taking it from the tree. But Joseph, who was a bad-tempered, cruel boy, held the nest fast, declaring that it was his, and nobody should force it from him.

"You will not be so wicked as to keep it, Joseph," said Mary, surprised at his unfeeling obstinacy.

"Yes, I shall ;" replied Joseph sullenly. "For it is mine, and if I put it back, the bird will not go to it again."

"She will, indeed ;" answered Mary earnestly. "And only think of her distress, Joseph, when she flies home and finds her treasure gone ! Besides, those eggs can be of no use to you, and if you return them, in a few weeks, they will be four beautiful birds, which will delight you with their song."

Oh, do carry it back," exclaimed all the little girls, crowding eagerly around him. Joseph said nothing, but looked very cross, and turned over the eggs one by one.

Mary continued, "How would *your* mother

feel, Joseph, if while she was absent from home, some cruel creature should carry you and all your brothers and sisters away where she could never see you more ! Do you not suppose she would be very unhappy ? And should you not think any one who could do such a thing very wicked and unfeeling ?”

“ Yes,” said Joseph pettishly. “ But there is a difference between children and eggs.”

“ It is true,” said Mary. “ But your mother feels not more affection for you, than does the poor bird you have robbed, for these eggs, which, she knows, will, in a few weeks, become birds. For this purpose, she patiently sits upon them, and spares no pains to keep them warm, in order that they may hatch.”

“ He *shall* carry them back,” exclaimed Frank, who was a kind hearted, though rather a thoughtless boy, and had very quick passions which he did not always properly govern. “ He shall carry back the nest, and I will never take another.” Frank endeavoured to snatch the nest from Joseph, but a boy older than himself caught his arm, saying—

“ You will break the eggs, Frank, and do more harm than good. Let Joseph alone. He cannot be so hard hearted as to keep the nest, when the poor bird is now flying round in search of it.”

The children looked up, and saw a bird flying from tree to tree, uttering a doleful cry, and their entreaties were redoubled. Joseph so pressed, could no longer withstand them, and

sullenly giving the nest to the boy who had last spoken, he said—

“Take the nest. It is not worth so many words. But you may put it back yourself, for I shall not.”

They joyfully took it, and Frank showing them the way, they soon placed it in the very spot whence it had been taken. And some of them who watched at a little distance, had the satisfaction to see the bird fly to it, in a very short time.

The children then pursued their way to school, where Mr Hartland who had heard an account of the affair from Mary, smiled on them with approbation. Frank Morris, now pleased that he had not persevered in his cruelty, determined never again to take a bird's nest.

SECTION II.

Joseph Scott—The horse race—A man injured and a horse killed—A squirrel hunt.

JOSEPH SCOTT, as soon as he gave up the nest, instead of going to school, sauntered off towards the tavern, where he delighted to listen to the jokes or disputes of the idle people who sat sunning themselves before its door. When he arrived there, he found a crowd collected round two men who were disputing about the merits of their horses,—each declaring his own to be the swiftest and the strongest. Words ran high, till at length it was proposed to decide their merits

by a race, on which should depend a considerable bet, to be given to the one whose horse should win.

The plan was applauded, and the whole idle troop set out for a wide plain about a mile distant, whither Joseph, congratulating himself that he did not go to school, followed them. The two men who were to engage in the race, pranced along on their horses, each secure of victory, and already more than half intoxicated. When they reached the plain, a circle of a mile was marked out. On a signal given by the riders, the horses set off at full speed.

How cruel it is to abuse any animal—particularly one so useful, noble, and generous as the horse! And how wicked it is for men, to whom God has graciously given speech and reason, to waste the time in which they might be usefully employed, both for themselves and others, in so idle and unprofitable a manner!

The poor horses strained all their nerves. Urged on by the loud shouts of the bystanders, and the goading whips of the drivers, they seemed hardly to touch the ground. Joseph was so unfeeling as to be delighted with the spectacle, and he secretly wished, that at some future day, he might possess a race horse.

The horses had now reached the goal, when the discharge of a gun in a neighboring forest startled the foremost horse. He sprang furiously from the course, and treading in a deep hole which had been unobserved, fell with his rider to the ground. Both lay motionless, and all ran

towards them. The man had fallen against the stump of a tree, and appeared perfectly insensible. Fearing that he was killed, the spectators placed him in a cart, which had brought some of the men to the race ground, and drove slowly with him towards the village.

The poor horse, which had broken his leg, and was otherwise badly injured, really groaned with anguish. As it was impossible to remove him, he was pronounced incapable of any further service, and killed on the spot. The man who was only stunned by the fall, revived before he reached the village. But he was very much bruised, and his shoulder was out of joint, which caused him much pain.

This ended the horse race, without honor or profit—neither of which could have been reasonably expected from an amusement (if such it may be called), so dangerous and disgraceful.

Joseph, however, who was a bad boy, was more sorry for the interruption of the race, than for the injury of either the man or the horse. Determining not to have his day's sport spoiled, he went, with three or four boys, as idle and wicked as himself, into the woods to hunt the poor harmless squirrel with a dog, which they had trained for the purpose.

Here they remained till quite night, and one squirrel was all that fell to Joseph's share. He grumbled very much, that his companions did not give him more. But the wicked and mischievous never can agree. Joseph parted from them in anger, and as he walked home alone,

felt dissatisfied with himself, and with the day which he had spent.

How miserable are the idle, the ill-tempered, and the cruel! How different were now the feelings of Frank Morris! He had attended the school all day, and at night returned home to show his parents a handsome, new inkstand, with a cover and place for the pens, which Mr Hartland had bestowed on him for obedience and good behavior.

SECTION III.

Joseph, on his return home attempts to rob a bird's nest—Is caught in a branch of the tree—His schoolfellows find him—Mr Hartland comes—Joseph is helped down—His unpleasant feelings for his bad conduct—His reform.

It was a bright, moonlight evening, and Joseph, in his way home, was obliged to pass the tree, from which, in the morning, he had taken the bird's nest. When he arrived at the tree, the thought occurred to him, that he might take the nest away again, and should it be missed, it would never be discovered by whom it had been taken. He had a great fancy for the little white eggs spotted with blue, which he wished to add to a long string, that he had, at different times stolen from the poor birds in the neighborhood.

He looked earnestly into the tree. The leaves were so thick that he could not discover the nest, but he knew the very limb on which it was placed, and therefore resolved to climb up and

feel for it. He looked anxiously round to see if he was observed. Nobody appeared in sight. Covering his hat over the poor, captive squirrel, which he left upon the ground, he began to ascend the tree. As he could not well see, he was obliged to be more careful than in the day time. But he had nearly reached the desired bird's nest, and already believed himself sure of it, when he made a false step, his foot slipped, and he fell.

Had he gone to the ground, he must have been badly injured—perhaps killed. But the tree was very old, and much shattered by the autumnal gales, so that many naked and broken boughs with sharp and splintered ends, branched out on every side. One of these caught Joseph, as he was tumbling down from the top of the tree, by the skirt of his coat. He was now so entangled among the branches that he found it impossible to disengage himself. In vain he kicked and struggled, he could not get free. Fearing that he should have to remain all night where he was, he began to cry stoutly, and call aloud for help.

He was so squeezed among the limbs, that his position gave him much pain, and he heartily wished he had gone directly home. For he had not obtained the nest, and as he peeped from his elevated station down on the moonlight grass, he saw his hat blown over by the wind, and the little squirrel gladly run off to his native woods. Half an hour, which to Joseph appeared like three whole ones, passed away.

Almost exhausted with screaming and crying, he began again to struggle for liberty, when he heard voices and footsteps approaching. He listened. They came nearer and nearer, when all at once, they sounded as if turning in an opposite direction. Apprehensive that they would soon be out of hearing, Joseph once more called with all his might for help. He had succeeded in making himself heard, and in a few minutes he saw half a dozen boys, among whom was Frank Morris, and several others who had been with him in the morning, running towards the tree.

Joseph not being able to distinguish them, began in a beseeching tone to implore their assistance, when instantly recognizing him, they burst into a loud laugh.

"Ah, the cunning fox is caught in his own toils," said one of the boys. "So much for stealing off by moonlight to rob a bird's nest."

"Yes let him stay there, and feast upon the eggs, for I am sure, I will not help him down," said another.

"Nor I," said a third—when Frank who could not believe Joseph so wicked as to come at night, and take what he had given up in the morning, asked him why he was upon the tree, and what prevented his coming down. Joseph, ashamed to tell, made no answer.

"Did you go up for the bird's nest?" asked Frank. "Because if you did, I am sure, I will not bring you down, for you deserve to stay there till morning."

"And we will bring Mr Hartland and all the

school, to see the famous owl, we found perched in neighbor Burley's field on the old oak," said the largest boy, laughing. The others joined in the laugh, and declared, it was a good joke; while poor Joseph felt that all the bird's nests in the world would not repay him for his present sufferings. Heartily did he repent calling the boys, since they only made fun of him, and now threatened to go off and leave him.

At this moment a man walking along the road which ran by the field, hearing the noisy shouts of the boys, got through the fence, and going up to them, asked the cause of it. The voice was that of Mr Hartland. The boys instantly knew him, and endeavored to stifle their laughter, while Joseph kept still as a mouse, and hardly dared to breathe, lest he should be discovered. His caution was vain, for the boys instantly related to Mr Hartland the whole adventure, and pointed to Joseph who lay concealed as close as a hare among the leaves.

Mr Hartland questioned him so strictly that Joseph could not hide any thing from him. Shocked at his wickedness and cruelty, Mr Hartland told him, "he deserved to be left where he was till morning. But as he did not wish to expose his health, he would permit one of the boys to assist him in getting down. Frank immediately went up, and after some difficulty, succeeded in disengaging Joseph. But the whole skirt of his coat was left hanging on the broken bough. When he reached the ground, Mr Hartland turned to him and said,

"Where have you been to-day, Joseph? for I have not seen you at school."

Joseph hung down his head. He dared not conceal the truth from Mr Hartland, and he replied in a low and confused manner,—“I have been to see a horse race, Sir.”

Mr Hartland paused a few moments. He was grieved that one of his scholars should have witnessed so barbarous a spectacle. He then said, in a solemn and impressive tone ;

“And I, Joseph, am just returning from a visit to the man who while engaged in so cruel a diversion, was thrown from his horse. He is now suffering great agony from his shoulder which was put out of joint, and this may throw him into a fever that may end his days. Meanwhile the noble animal, he so unfeelingly abused, was killed to shorten the torture which a broken limb inflicted upon him.

“Be warned by these sad consequences, never again to engage in amusements so cruel, and so unworthy of a young mind which should be tender and compassionate. Never even rob a harmless bird of her nest. For though it may appear to you a slight offence, it hardens the heart, and prepares the way for acts of cruelty. You have read in the Bible, that God cares even for the humble sparrow, and suffers her not to perish without his knowledge. And what right have you wantonly to destroy and torture the creatures he has made ?

“I speak to you all, and entreat you all to reflect upon what I have said. And you, Joseph,

who feel so unhappy—for I am sure the manner in which you have wasted this day must make you so—go home, and on your knees ask the forgiveness of your Heavenly Father whom you have offended. Strive, in future, better to deserve his care and protection, and to gain the love and esteem of those around you.”

Impressed by what Mr Hartland had said, which awakened even the reflections of Joseph, and made him resolve never to spend another day so idly, the boys went to their homes. The parents of Joseph were so poor, that they could not furnish him with another coat. He was, therefore, obliged to wear the one which he had torn so badly—the skirts of which were still hanging on the tree. It called forth the inquiries of the boys, and the story of his second attempt upon the bird's nest, was soon known to them all. It afforded them much mirth, and Joseph was obliged to endure many keen jests; but they did him good. The boys finding, that he had discontinued almost all his cruel habits, was daily becoming better, and more amiable, ceased to tease him, and at length the affair was entirely forgotten.

Joseph destroyed the string of eggs which constantly reminded him of his former bad practices. But whenever tempted to join in any cruel sport, or abuse any defenceless animal, he thought of the *Bird's Nest*. Dreading again to deserve the character of a cruel boy, by which he had been so long distinguished, he refrained from the act, he was about to commit.

CHAPTER VII.

THE NEW FROCK.

SECTION I.

The scraps of Calico—Mary Hartland and Sarah Denning—
Their early management at home—Mrs Denning and Mrs
Hartland.

“PRAY, what are you doing with those scraps of calico?” said Sarah Denning, as she one day observed Mary Hartland, rolling up some small pieces of cloth, from which she had been mending her frock.

“What should *you* do with them, Sarah?”—inquired Mary.

“Why throw them into the fire, or put them into the rag bag, to be sure”—answered Sarah.

“But that would be a waste,” continued Mary. “And you know my brother often tells us—‘Waste not, want not.’”

“But of what possible use can such little bits be to you?” returned Sarah.

“A great deal,” said Mary; “for if I should throw them away, and then tear, or burn my frock, what should I mend it with?”

“Oh, you could put any thing under the place,” replied Sarah. “I never think of saving such things.”

“But I do,” answered Mary. “For though

something else would serve to cover the hole, it would not look neat; while a piece of this nicely sewed in, would scarcely be observed.

Sarah smiled, but she said no more. Mary having arranged her bundle of fragments, and put them away, prepared to go to school. She was now twelve years old, and being fond of her books, in which her brother had taken great pains to instruct her, she made rapid improvement, and was able to repay his attention by assisting him.

Mary had the entire care of several of the younger classes. She taught them to read, and recite their lessons, in a manner which convinced her brother of her abilities, and zeal in his service. The children too were fond of her. For she was mild and patient with their errors, and gentle in correcting them.

Sarah Denning was a good humored girl, well disposed, and generally correct in her conduct. She was about Mary Hartland's age, and having always lived near her, a sort of intimacy was established between them. And in many respects, this intimacy had been advantageous to Sarah.

Mrs Denning—the mother of Sarah—was an industrious, stirring woman, who paid great attention to her own affairs. She also prided herself on the great quantity of wool she spun, and the superior manner in which the cloth was woven that came from her loom. But unfortunately she was too much involved in those favorite pur-

suits, to attend to the more minute, and in her opinion less important duties.

The clothes of her husband and boys, were generally clean, and as she said, made of the best materials, for, "were they not spun and woven with my own hands?" "If a hole should chance to be discovered, when dressing on Sunday morning—for the family were constant in their attendance at Mr Ludlow's meeting—Mrs Denning pleaded her want of time as an excuse, and hastily sewed it together,—promising to remember, and do it properly on the next day. But the next day brought its cares. The promise was generally forgotten, and from the mere want of a "stitch in time," their garments often appeared shabby and ill used, when with a little attention, they might have preserved a neat and decent appearance.

Sarah, the only daughter, had imbibed this failing of her mother. Though her clothes were seldom ragged or dirty, she appeared quite ignorant that it required any skill to mend them properly. The remnants of her frocks were usually cut up for patch work, or thrown away. So that when they became worn, she had nothing to repair them with, and was obliged to supply the defect by using anything she could find—no matter what color or quality, or how it was put on. If the rent was made whole, her mother was satisfied, and Sarah did not trouble herself about it.

Not so with Mary Hartland. She never wasted the most trifling thing, because it was of no

present use, but carefully laid it by, thinking it might, at some future time perhaps, be serviceable to herself or to others. And the most ordinary article, that she made, or repaired, was done with as much care and attention, as she would have bestowed on a garment of the greatest value.

Mrs Hartland felt interested in Sarah, and endeavored to correct her careless habits. She often invited her to sit with Mary and herself, while at work, and taught her the importance of doing every thing with neatness and fidelity. Sarah always listened attentively to her advice, and often resolved to reform, and follow the example of Mary, whose economy she could not help admiring. But when she returned home, as she found no one to help her put these good resolutions into practice, she was apt to forget them, and relax into her former negligence.

SECTION II.

The calico frock—The pieces—The coats.

MRS HARTLAND being confined to her chamber by sickness, and Mary having much to attend to, Sarah kindly offered to stay with her and assist her. Mary thankfully accepted her offer; and Sarah, by her obliging disposition and active exertions, rendered herself of essential service to them.

Mrs Hartland, on recovering, wished to show her gratitude by bestowing some reward on Sa-

rah. She, therefore, presented her with a pretty calico frock, exactly like one, she had given Mary, a short time before, and which she knew, Sarah particularly admired. Sarah, though she had neither expected, nor wished to receive any recompense for the attentions she had bestowed with pleasure on friends who had always been kind and useful to her, was indeed pleased with the gift. She carried it to her mother who helped Sarah to make it up immediately. For she was anxious to wear it on the approaching Sunday, when Mr Ludlow had promised to visit Mr Hartland's school.

Mr Ludlow was accustomed thus to visit from time to time, in order to witness the improvement of the scholars, and to excite them to exertion. Every week, in addition to a portion of the Bible, they were required to commit to memory a hymn, or some verses of one, according to their age and capacity to recite on the Sabbath. Sarah, who readily committed to memory, and in other respects, was quick to learn, gave Mr Hartland much satisfaction by the cheerfulness and correctness, with which she usually learned her lessons. She now resolved to apply herself with great diligence, in order to obtain the approbation of Mr Ludlow.

Sarah's frock was completed in due season, and remembering the advice of Mrs Hartland, she resolved to put the pieces which were left, carefully away, that she might find them again, when necessary. She was busily arranging them, when a little girl of her acquaintance, who was

going on an errand to another part of the village, called for Sarah to accompany her. Sarah begged her to wait a few minutes, but the child was in a hurry and could not. So Sarah carelessly threw the pieces together on a table, and set off with her.

It was nearly dark when they returned, but Sarah remembered her calico, and immediately went to the room where she left it. But the pieces were gone. She inquired of every one. Nobody knew any thing about them. Mrs Denning at length recollected that her youngest boys had been inquiring for rags to fill up the cracks of a boat, they were playing with on the pond, and being busy at the wheel, she bid them take any thing they could find. They might possibly have taken Sarah's new calico.

Sarah ran to the borders of a small pond, where the children, with loud shouts, were just pushing a little boat from the shore. This not being large enough to hold them, they had filled it with apples ; and with boisterous gaiety, stood watching its progress through the water. Sarah called, and begged them to pull it back. But it had gone too far, and though impatient, she was obliged to wait till it stopped against the opposite shore.

All ran round to receive it, for Sarah was yet ignorant of the fate of her cloth. Her brothers could only answer to her inquiries, that they had found some rags which stopped the leak nicely, but had not examined of what materials they were made. Sarah requested them to unload

the boat, and soon her worst fears were realized. They had indeed taken the fragments of her frock. One of the boys who noticed her uneasiness, good naturedly offered to pull them out for her. But they were torn, and soaked through with mud, and no longer fit for use.

Sarah returned to the house, almost crying from vexation; and too late regretted her carelessness in leaving anything of consequence in so insecure and improper a place. As the only remedy in her power, she resolved, to be uncommonly careful of her frock, and therefore folded it neatly, and placed it in her drawer.

On Saturday morning, however, she was going, before school, to Mrs Hartland's, and could not resist the temptation of putting on her new frock. She had assisted her mother in making it, and taken so much pains to do it well, that she doubted not, Mrs Hartland would notice it, and express her approbation. She was not mistaken. Her work was praised, and Sarah felt greatly relieved, that no one made any inquiries about the pieces.

SECTION III.

Sarah tears and soils her new frock—The examination—The hymn book—Sarah's careless habits corrected.

WITH a light heart, Sarah set out on her return, and had nearly reached her own door, when a wagon which drove furiously along, obliged her to turn from the path, and ascend

a little bank by the road side. It had rained, the preceding night, and the ground was wet and slippery, but Sarah did not observe it, and resolved to creep through a fence. This course led into her father's garden, and would bring her home much sooner.

She reached the garden in safety. It was a sloping hill, and she was walking fast, unconscious of danger, when her foot slipped, and she was thrown to the ground. The branch of a hawthorn, which caught her clothes, alone saved her from rolling quite to the bottom of the hill. Poor Sarah succeeded in disentangling herself, but her new frock—the gift of Mrs Hartland—was sadly torn, and stained with grass and dirt. Mrs Denning, from the window, observing her fall, hastened to assist and console her.

Sarah was unhurt, but it was a long time before she could be reconciled to the injury her frock had sustained. She had no pieces to mend it with, and how could she appear before Mrs Hartland and Mary, and confess her carelessness and folly? She, however, attended school as usual, but her thoughts were wandering, and Mr Hartland could not avoid expressing his surprise at her negligence and inattention.

Sarah, on returning home, found, that her mother had kindly cleaned and dried her frock, but she could devise no method to repair the rent, so that it might appear decent, and escape observation. After long thinking, Sarah concluded to carry it to Mrs Hartland, freely ac-

knowledge her folly in losing the pieces, relate the accident, and beg Mary to assist her in mending it. Mrs Denning approved the plan, and Sarah, with downcast eyes, entered the room, where Mrs Hartland and Mary were sitting at work.

They heard her in silence, and when she concluded her simple tale, Mrs Hartland kissed her affectionately. She then told her, that the candor with which she confessed her faults, and the sorrow she showed, were sufficient proofs of her sincerity. She hoped that this would prove a good lesson, and effectually cure her of every idle habit. Mary then drew forth her bundle of pieces, which she cheerfully shared with Sarah; and in a short time, the place was so neatly mended, that if any one noticed the defect, it only excited their admiration, at the dexterity with which it was repaired.

Sarah went home fully confirmed in her good resolutions, but she had yet another source of anxiety. Her mind had been so completely engaged during the day, by the disaster she had met with, that she had not yet learned her Sunday lesson. She had a long hymn to commit to memory, and some verses in the Bible. But she unfortunately placed too much dependence on the facility with which she usually learned them, and had acquired the habit of putting off her task, almost till the last moment.

It was now evening. The family were in the habit of retiring early; and Sarah, though she applied herself with great diligence, was not

able to learn half her lesson before bed time. She rose by daylight, the next morning. The recollection that Mr Ludlow was to examine the scholars, and the dread of appearing deficient before him, stimulated her to exertion. But at the same time, it confused her mind, and she had never found so much difficulty in retaining what she learned.

School time arrived, and Sarah went. Her heart beat with mingled hope and fear, when Mr Ludlow entered, after the services of the day were closed in his own parish. He first addressed the children with the affection and interest of a parent, and then proceeded in their examination. Sarah was seated with Mary Hartland. The correctness and ease with which they repeated their lessons and answered the questions that were put to them, seemed to excite his warmest approbation.

It was only in the last lesson that Sarah failed. She could scarcely repeat any of the last verses of the hymn. Mr Hartland, who rightly attributed her failure to the circumstances of the preceding day, which his mother had related to him, sincerely pitied her, while the mortified girl covered her face with her hands, and burst into tears.

When the examination ended, Mr Ludlow again addressed the children, and expressed his pleasure at the improvement they had made since he last visited them. He earnestly hoped, that they would persevere in their endeavors to reward the exertions of their instructor, and pro-

fit by the precepts and lessons he taught. He then took from his pocket, a hymn book, handsomely bound in red morocco, and gilt. Every eye was fixed with admiration and hope, on an object so unexpectedly displayed.

Mr Ludlow continued—"This book I have brought hither with the intention of giving it to the one, who, in my opinion, has best deserved it, for good behavior and progress in knowledge. Although it is difficult to decide, where all appear anxious to do the best in their power, yet, I believe, no one will accuse me of partiality, if I present it to Mary Hartland." Accordingly, advancing towards her, he placed it in her hands. Mary, surprised and grateful for this distinction, modestly expressed her thanks; and Sarah, far from envying her good fortune, felt pleased at her success. She was conscious that she might herself have received it, had it not been for her carelessness and delay.

When the scholars were dismissed, Mary Hartland lingered behind them, and gently approaching her brother's desk, said something to him in a low voice. He smiled on her affectionately, and immediately called Sarah, who was waiting in her seat for Mary. Sarah advanced, and Mr Hartland held out to her the hymn book which had been given to his sister.

"This," said he, "Mary begs you to accept, as she is confident, that it would, in justice, have been yours, had it not been for the accident of yesterday, which unfortunately interrupted your studies."

Sarah looked on Mary, and her eyes were filled with tears at this proof of Mary's generosity.

"No, my dear Mary," she replied, "I will not take what you have so well deserved. It was not accident, but my own folly which has humbled me, and I deserve to suffer for it."

"Indeed, Sarah," answered Mary, "you were not foolish, but unfortunate, in falling down and tearing your frock."

"Yes," returned Sarah. "But if I had not carelessly lost the pieces, I should not have been troubled about mending it, and I should not have spent a whole day in thinking how I should make it look decent again."

Mr Ludlow, who witnessed this scene, was greatly pleased with the affection and good feeling, which the friends displayed.

"Keep your book, Mary," he said, "and Sarah, whom I am convinced is every way deserving, shall likewise receive one. I will send it to her tomorrow."

Sarah smiled through her tears, as she gratefully acknowledged his kindness, and Mary scarcely less pleased, quitted the school-house with her.

The next day, Mr Ludlow himself called, and presented Sarah with a hymn book exactly like Mary's. Guided by the advice of Mr Hartland, and stimulated by the example of Mary, she never again relapsed into negligent and careless habits, but exhibited to all around her, a pattern of neatness and economy.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PENKNIFE, OR HONESTY THE BEST POLICY.

SECTION I.

Mr Harding and his family—Edmund Fielding—Bad character of Edmund's father—The father put in prison—Edmund becomes an apprentice to Mr Harding.

MR HARDING was an industrious, thriving miller, in the village of Finlay. Having by strict economy, and attention to his business, laid up sufficient money, he purchased a convenient house, with a large garden and orchard, and erected a mill over a rapid stream that watered his grounds. The situation of this little domain was picturesque in the extreme. Every thing around was so neat and well arranged, as to excite the attention of the passing traveller, and the envy of many among his neighbors, who were too indolent themselves to imitate him.

Mrs Harding, an active, prudent, housewife, performed her household duties with perfect regularity and order, and rendered every thing within doors as comfortable and pleasant, as the appearance of those without. The children were brought up in habits of obedience, and taught the observance of moral and religious duties, both by precept and example. They

were regular in their attendance at school, where they always appeared clean and neatly dressed ; and the instructions of Mr Hartland were enforced on them at home.

Sidney, the eldest boy, was destined to follow his father's trade, as it was very profitable in a country where wheat and other grains are raised in abundance. Mr Harding was the only miller who resided within a distance of many miles from Finlay. The farmers resorted to him with the produce of their fields. Sidney, early instructed in his business, and naturally attentive and diligent, at the age of eleven became an active assistant to his father. Mr Harding was, however, unwilling to detain his son from school. For he was convinced from experience, that a good education lays the foundation of usefulness. He, therefore, took an apprentice to labor with him in the mill.

The boy he selected, was about a year older than Sidney, and in almost every respect, the reverse of him. He was the child of vicious and abandoned parents. They not only refrained from correcting his vices, but encouraged by their example, the evil passions and propensities of his heart, which daily gained strength, and at last nearly destroyed every good quality which nature had implanted there.

Edmund Fielding—for this was the boy's name—thus unrestrained, became skilled in every kind of artifice and fraud. But the habit of pilfering seemed, of all others, the most difficult to be broken. He began by robbing the orchards

and gardens in the village; then taking the playthings of his companions, and as his skill generally screened him from detection, and as one sin indulged invariably leads to another, he grew more bold, and scrupled not to appropriate to his own use, whatever he could obtain unnoticed. By these means he often became the possessor of valuable articles, which he sometimes carried home, where he was encouraged in dishonesty, and stimulated to persevere in it.

While the child was thus training up to iniquity, the conduct of the parents became so infamous, as to confirm suspicions which had long been excited. The neighbors daily complained of losing articles of various kinds. The clothes they laid out to whiten, were carried off. Loud cries were heard among the poultry at night, and a stray sheep, or truant pig, often mysteriously disappeared. Every eye was fixed on Fielding, and no one pitied him, when he was at length seized by the officers of justice, for an atrocious robbery and attempt to murder, in which he was concerned, and consigned to the State Prison for life.

His wife and son were thrown upon the town for support. The latter, being a strong healthy lad, it was wisely resolved that he should work for his own maintenance. He had been brought up in perfect idleness, and was, of course, ignorant of every kind of business. But when he was obliged to apply himself, he could sustain more fatigue and perform more labor in a day than most boys of his age.

The man with whom he was placed, fortunately for Edmund, possessed great firmness, and showed little indulgence for his failings. This man kept a watchful eye over Edmund's conduct, and scarcely allowed him to pass a moment unemployed. These measures appeared harsh to Edmund, but they were necessary, and produced a favorable effect. He found no opportunities to indulge his vicious habits, and, at the end of a year, was so much improved, that his master proposed him to Mr Harding for an apprentice.

Mr Harding, who well knew the character of his family, hesitated to take him, as he feared the influence of bad example on his children. But, on being assured that his disposition was much changed, and that he appeared able and willing to exert himself, Mr Harding, who pitied his destitute situation, consented to take him on trial. Edmund accordingly became an inmate of his quiet family.

SECTION II.

Edmund goes to school—The lost trinket—Mr Hartland finds it with Edmund.

For some weeks, Edmund remained faithful and obedient, and Mr Harding, pleased with his conduct, did everything in his power to encourage him, and make him feel the difference between virtuous and vicious pursuits. He was so ignorant as to be unable to tell his letters.

Mr Harding, having often instructed him in the evenings, and having found him quick and ready to learn, resolved to allow him, as often as possible, to attend Mr Hartland's school.

For this purpose, Mr Harding frequently spared Edmund, when his services were really needed, and Sidney was sometimes detained from school, that Edmund might not lose any opportunity of learning. Mr Hartland, however, more readily detected the real character of Edmund. When removed from the eyes of Mr Harding, whose unsuspecting temper was easily imposed upon by Edmund's artful tricks, he betrayed his vicious habits in various instances, and though as yet no one had been able to detect him, he was often suspected of stealing articles from the school boys.

Mr Hartland, one evening, in passing Mr Harding's house, observed his youngest child, a little girl about two years old, sitting at the door, weeping violently, while her sister in vain endeavored to pacify her. He stopped and asked her what she was crying for. One of the girls answered, that she had lost her plaything and could not find it again. Mr Hartland took her in his arms, and endeavored to divert her attention from the subject of her grief, by holding his watch to her ear, and suffering her to play with the chain and seals. In a few minutes her little face was covered again with smiles, while the other children eagerly flocked around him, to court his attention, and receive his caresses.

Mrs Harding, at this moment, came to the

door. They all began to relate the loss that little Ann had sustained, while the child herself, sliding from the arms of Mr Hartland, tottled towards her mother, and hiding her face in her mother's lap, again began to cry, and call for her plaything. Mrs Harding succeeded in quieting her, by offering her some new object of amusement.

In the mean time, Mrs Harding despatched the other children to search for the lost treasure. This, in reality, was only a piece of money, of small value, which had been given her, and which she usually wore suspended round her neck to play with. Though the ribbon that had been attached to it, was found lying on the floor, the thing itself had suddenly disappeared. But as Ann was often throwing it about, Mrs Harding was not at all surprised at its being mislaid.

Mr Hartland had not proceeded far from the house, when he overtook Edmund and another boy, who seemed to be bargaining for a set of marbles, which the former wished to purchase of the other boy. Being busily engaged, they did not perceive Mr Hartland's approach. He overheard their debate, and likewise saw in Edmund's hand, a small piece of silver which he was offering the boy. This being marked by having a hole pierced through it, attracted his attention, and excited suspicion of its being the same the little girl had lost. He immediately addressed Edmund, and requested to see the money.

Edmund changed color, but was obliged to

give it up; and when Mr Hartland asked him where he procured it, he replied, with some hesitation, that Mr Harding had given it to him. But his confusion did not escape Mr Hartland, who, dismissing the other boy, told Edmund he would go home with him, and inquire about it. The family were at supper when Mr Hartland returned, and seemed surprised at his short absence. They respectfully rose, and offered him a seat at the table, for he was much beloved. His visits, as every good teacher's will be, were always received with pleasure, and considered as a mark of peculiar favor.

Mr Hartland soon related his business, and showing the piece of silver, it was instantly recognized to be the lost treasure. Every eye turned reproachfully on Edmund, who was, with much difficulty, prevailed upon to confess the whole transaction. He had been anxious to procure the marbles which the boy offered him for a certain sum.

Having seen the child drop her plaything, Edmund had improved the opportunity, when no one saw him, to pick it up, and was on the point of exchanging it, when Mr Hartland detected him. When Mr Hartland concluded, he addressed Edmund in an impressive manner, on the guilt of indulging in dishonest practices, and reminded him of the dreadful fate of his father, as an example of the ruin, to which, if persisted in, they would at length lead him.

Edmund seemed penitent and humbled, and made so many professions of regret and pro-

mises of amendment, that Mr Harding, though with the assurance that he would not again pardon an act of dishonesty in him, was induced to retain him in his service. From that time Edmund became unusually attentive to his business, and appeared anxious to remove the impression his bad conduct had made on the mind of Mr Harding.

His efforts were successful. In time, he regained the confidence of Mr Harding, and the children, who at first carefully concealed their playthings on his approach, again invited him to join their sports. All the family now seemed willing to forget his errors and encourage him in well doing. Edmund had, indeed, in a great degree, overcome his evil dispositions and propensities. He had good examples constantly before him in the well ordered family of Mr Harding, and being well supplied with everything necessary for his comfort and convenience, had no longer any inducement to take the property of others. But bad principles had been so early and deeply implanted in his mind, that it required a longer time, and a severer course of discipline, entirely to remove them.

Sidney placed great reliance on the promises of Edmund, for he was too sincere and good himself to entertain suspicions of others. They were, therefore, almost constantly together, and Mr Harding did not discourage their intimacy. He hoped it would prove beneficial to Edmund, who possessed a yielding temper, and was easily influenced. Sidney was always so obedient and

correct in his conduct, that there appeared no danger of his suffering from the connexion.

SECTION III.

Mr Hartland loses his penknife—Sidney Harding suspected of having stolen it—Edmund Fielding is found guilty of the act—He confesses his guilt to the school—His reform.

At certain seasons, when Mr Harding was not hurried with business, the boys were allowed to attend school together, where they usually occupied seats adjoining each other. Mr Hartland, one morning, on his return from school, happened to miss his penknife, which he recollected to have left on the bench where Sidney and Edmund were writing, as he had been standing by them a few minutes before the school was dismissed.

He did not, however, return—having no immediate use for it. But, in the afternoon, not finding it as he expected, he made some inquiries among the children. No one, except two or three boys, who affirmed that they had seen it lying on the bench by Edmund and Sidney in the forenoon, knew anything about it.

Mr Hartland, who was confident that he had left the penknife by them, made particular inquiries of each, but they had not observed it. As he fixed his eye keenly on Edmund, however, he thought his countenance betrayed a little consciousness of guilt. Still he was unwilling to doubt him, for, although his former character

laid him open to suspicion, he had lately conducted extremely well. Mr Hartland desisted from further search, hoping that he had been mistaken, and that the boy might prove innocent. The knife, as it bore the initials of his name, could be easily identified. He, therefore, waited patiently, in expectation that it would be found and brought to him.

A fortnight passed away, when Mary Hartland, calling one day at Mr Harding's, observed Sidney cutting a piece of wood with a knife which very much resembled her brother's. She requested to look at it, and, in close examination, was able to trace the letters of his name, though they had been carefully scratched out, and the point of the blade was broken off. Mary returned it to him, without mentioning her suspicions. Firmly persuaded that it was her brother's knife, she went home to inform him of the circumstance.

Mr Hartland could not, for a moment, believe that Sidney had anything to do in such a dishonest act. But feeling it his duty to investigate the affair, he went immediately to Mr Harding's. Sidney and Edmund were not at home. The former had gone on some business for his father to a distant part of the village, and Edmund was at work in the mill. They directly sent for him.

Mr Harding, who was assured of his son's innocence, and convinced, that if the knife had been taken, it was through the means of Edmund, interrogated him somewhat sternly respecting it. But he answered promptly, and without any ap-

pearance of confusion, that he had not seen it. On being further questioned, he persisted so boldly in disclaiming all knowledge of the fact, that even Mr Harding was staggered in his belief. He then inquired where Sidney procured the knife he had used of late. Edmund—though he was sure he had one, as he had seen him, a few minutes before he left the house, put it in a drawer where he usually kept his clothes,—answered he did not know.

Mr Harding bade Edmund conduct him to the place, and on opening the drawer, his eyes were immediately attracted by the penknife. Though still unwilling to suspect the integrity of his son, Mr Harding was greatly agitated. He, however, carried the knife to Mr Hartland, who instantly recognized it as his own. He then begged Mr Harding to suspend his opinion till Sidney returned, and cheered him with the hopes, that Sidney would, in some way, clear up the mystery, and prove his innocence.

Sidney at length came home, and, entering the room, was struck with the unusual gloom which appeared on his father's brow. His mother was fortunately away, and the children had been sent from the apartment. Mr Hartland, who, at all times, maintained a perfect command over his feelings, called Sidney to him, and, showing the penknife, asked if that belonged to him. Sidney answered in the affirmative. Mr Hartland then inquired where he procured it. Sidney hesitated, and looked alternately at Edmund and his father. Mr Hartland observed him

with anxiety, and telling him it was the penknife he had lost, which, being found in his possession, would cause suspicion to rest on him. He, therefore, advised Sidney to confess the truth immediately, as denial, or trying to avoid the truth, would only add to his guilt. Sidney appeared shocked, and could scarcely refrain from weeping.

“Can you, sir,” said he—“can my father believe me capable of such a crime? Had I known it was your penknife, I would not have kept it from you a moment.”

“Tell us how you came by it, then,” said Mr Harding, “that we may no longer suspect you.”

Sidney still hesitated.

“My dear Sidney,” said Mr Hartland, who was moved by Sidney’s distress; “can you wonder at our suspicions, when appearances are so much against you? This penknife, unjustly taken from me, is found in your possession. Yet you refuse to tell us by what means you came by it. What shall we infer from such conduct?”

“You shall know all,” replied Sidney, with tears which he could no longer restrain; “I have been undutiful and disobedient, but, do not believe I am so very wicked as to take what does not belong to me.”

Mr Hartland and Mr Harding waited till Sidney’s feelings became more composed, and he then related to them the following circumstances:—Edmund, having long wished to become the possessor of a foot-ball, which belonged to Sidney, frequently offered different things in ex-

change for it. But Mr Harding, who had often forbid this kind of bartering among his children, as a source of discontent and ill-will, strictly forbade Sidney from giving or receiving any article whatever. Sidney was so fearful of displeasing his father, that all the entreaties of Edmund were of no avail. Edmund, however, a few days before, produced a penknife, which, though so injured and mutilated, and its appearance so entirely changed, that Sidney had no suspicion to whom it belonged, was, indeed, the one Mr Hartland had lost.

Sidney had a natural turn for mechanics, and employed many of his leisure hours, in carving wood into various forms, and ingeniously making toys and playthings for his little sisters. But having lately broken the blade of his own knife, and thus being deprived of his favorite amusement, he was induced to listen to the artful persuasions of Edmund, and in an evil moment made the exchange he wished.

This candid acknowledgment of Sidney was a sufficient proof of his innocence, to Mr Hartland and his father, who freely forgave his offence. This was the first he had committed, and it had already caused him much pain and uneasiness. Edmund, convicted and abashed, could say nothing in his own defence, and Mr Hartland sternly reproved his guilt and baseness.

Completely humbled, Edmund did whatever was required to atone for his conduct, and Mr Harding, although he pardoned him, said he could no longer harbor one, who was capable of such ingratitude and baseness of heart. He should

therefore suffer him to remain under his roof only till he could procure another place. Edmund in vain renewed his promises of amendment, and Sidney generously interceded for him. Mr Harding, however, was inflexible, for he would no longer trust his son in the society of such a companion.

Mr Hartland returned the penknife to Edmund, saying he would receive it from him, only in the presence of all his scholars. He hoped that they would thus be warned, by his example, to avoid the practice of dishonesty and deceit, which invariably leads to disgrace and sorrow.

On the following day, Mr Harding conducted Edmund to school, and, in the presence of all assembled there, he was obliged to make a confession of his guilt, and restore the penknife to its rightful owner. Mr Hartland endeavored, with much tenderness and feeling, to make him sensible of the dangerous course he was pursuing. He urged Edmund to think seriously on the error of his ways, and seek earnestly the forgiveness of God, whose commandment he had broken.

Mr Hartland represented to the children at large, who listened with interest and attention, the danger of indulging in a single act of vice, which always hardens the heart, and leads to the commission of still greater crimes, that at length terminate in utter ruin. From the error of Sidney, whose conduct had hitherto been free from reproach, he entreated them to learn the necessity of avoiding unprincipled and vicious companions, whose society would corrupt the morals and lead into a snare.

Sidney, indeed, profited by the advice he received, and never afterwards committed an act of disobedience. Nor were the lessons of experience lost on Edmund. His regret at being dismissed from the family of Mr Harding, where he had been treated with kindness, and become insensibly attached, was increased by the consciousness of having justly incurred his punishment, while he found himself shunned by all his acquaintance, and none would trust or employ him. Bitterly now did he repent his guilt and folly, and happily it was not too late.

Mr Harding, who witnessed Edmund's contrition, though he could not resolve to continue him in his service, made every exertion in his power to procure him another place; and, in the mean time, employed him as usual in the mill. Mr Hartland, likewise, believed, if his good resolutions were properly encouraged and strengthened by the advice of some judicious friend, they would perhaps produce reformation. He, therefore, so successfully interceded in his favor, with Mr Ludlow, that the good man consented to receive Edmund into his own house.

Edmund, whose gratitude was excited by this act of kindness, exerted himself to repay the generosity. By his fidelity and correct conduct, he gradually acquired the complete confidence of his former friends, which he never afterwards abused, but constantly endeavored, by his example, to enforce the maxim, that "honesty is the best policy,"—the truth of which he now deeply felt, and earnestly inculcated.

CHAPTER IX.

WICKED TOM.

SECTION 1.

Thomas Hanson—his Father and Mother—Mr Langdon's Family.

THOMAS HANSON was a boy of good capacity, but of an envious and malicious disposition. He hated everybody who was better or more prosperous than himself, and was always playing foolish and ill-natured tricks upon his companions, which made them fear him, and gained for him in the village, the nickname of WICKED TOM.

The father of Thomas was a laboring man, who thought it enough for him to earn, from day to day, what was necessary for the support of his family, without troubling himself any farther about them. Thomas, he said, was a rare boy, who would make his way well in the world, and get knowledge as he grew up. So there was no fear for him. Mrs Hanson was a good sort of indolent woman, who was contented, she said, with what Providence allotted her. But she had not courage and good management enough to increase her scanty comforts; so she excused her own laziness by pretending submission to Divine Providence.

Thomas was seldom punished or reproved by his parents. He took advantage of their weak and mistaken indulgence, and followed, most entirely, the bent of his own inclination. His mother sent him every day to school, but he seldom went, for he did not love study ; and when he was outdone by the other scholars, with whom he was always quarrelling, he was angry and ashamed.

Thomas spent most of his time in fishing in a neighboring pond, setting snares for the little wild animals that frequented its banks, or in some other way equally useless and idle. If sent to weed in the garden, or gather greens in the fields, as he sometimes was, he was always sure to neglect his work, and run off to play—setting himself upon some fence, watching for every child that came along, upon whom he would often play mischievous tricks.

Mr Langdon was the brother of Mrs Hanson, and was treated with great respect by his sister and her husband ; and as Mr Langdon was more wealthy and lived better than Mr Hanson, he feared to offend him. He had, however, begun life with as little as Mr Hanson, but owing to his own exertions, and the assistance of a prudent and industrious wife, he now owned a good farm well stocked and diligently improved. He had three daughters but only one son. Both Mr and Mrs Langdon took great pains to instruct their children and explain to them the important duties which they owed, both to God and man.

Mr Langdon often remonstrated with his sister

upon the manner in which she suffered Thomas to spend his time, and the idle and mischievous habits which he was acquiring. Sometimes she would weep, and say that Thomas was so wild that he refused to obey her, and his father had to work so hard, he could not attend to him. At other times she would be offended, and, as her disposition was rather envious, would say—"Poor people, like ourselves, cannot be always looking after their children. It would do for Mrs Langdon ; for she can afford to hire somebody to work for her while she is doing it."

Mr Langdon found it was in vain to speak to his sister or her husband. They made no effort to amend Thomas, and he at length undertook himself to reprove the boy. But Thomas was now so thoroughly confirmed in his bad habits, that his uncle's kind admonitions had little or no effect, except that of exciting his anger ; and he always avenged himself upon his cousin Robert. Mr Langdon saw, with pain, such bad traits of character so early displayed, and would, if it had been possible, have forbid his son's associating with Thomas. But the boys were nearly of the same age, were cousins, went to the same school, and lived very near each other, so that it was impossible to prevent their being often together.

As Mr Langdon was a peaceable man, he did not wish to excite the ill feelings of any one—especially of his sister and her family. But he often told Robert never to join in any of the mischievous plans of Thomas, and to induce him to

do right whenever he could. Robert readily obeyed his father, and indeed he was too good a boy to be led away by one so wicked as his cousin. He was docile and intelligent, and so kind and modest in his behavior to all around him, that he gained the love of every one excepting Thomas. He loved nobody but himself, and hated and envied Robert above all others, for his superior merit. He would always contrive, when he went through Robert's garden, to tread on some flourishing shrub ; which grieved Robert, who prided himself upon his neat garden. But Robert would not be angry, because Thomas declared it was an accident.

Though Thomas loved to torment everybody, his greatest delight seemed to be in teasing Robert, who bore it so patiently. If Robert tried to show him that this was wrong, he did it so gently, that his forbearance only increased the hatred and envy of his cousin. Thomas took every opportunity to pull Robert's chair from under him, to trip up his heels, or do some other childish and provoking trick, which he always declared was in jest. Robert, though he found them becoming so frequent as to be quite troublesome, betrayed no resentment ; and, rather than quarrel with Thomas, he avoided him as much as possible, and contrived, when he went to school, to get off alone.

Thomas observed that Robert shunned him, and asked the cause. Robert frankly told him ; and, at the same time, in a friendly way, advised Thomas to play no more such childish tricks.

They were very troublesome, and might be dangerous, and would make him feared and hated by all who knew him. Thomas was vexed at Robert's kind advice. But as Robert was almost the only boy that would associate with him, Thomas did not wish openly to offend him. He therefore promised amendment, and Robert again was his frequent companion.

Thomas, however, though at that time he displayed little of his usual foolish behavior, meditated, in secret, some sly revenge upon Robert for what he had said. For he was as artful as he was wicked.

SECTION II.

Robert Langdon, his Father, and Thomas Hanson go a-fishing—Thomas causes Robert to fall into the river.

ONE day, Mr Langdon had promised Robert that he should go with him, the next afternoon, which was Saturday, to catch a mess of fish. It was some time since they had caught any, and Mr Langdon was very fond of such food. Thomas heard of their intention of going, and asked to go with them. Robert also requested his father to take Thomas, and, as he had been a better boy than usual for a week previous, Mr Langdon, in hopes that this indulgence would encourage him in good behavior, consented.

The afternoon was fine, and the boys, in high spirits, followed Mr Langdon to the river. Thomas began to feel his old propensity for torment-

ing Robert return, but dared not indulge it in the presence of his uncle. An opportunity, however, presented itself, which he could not resist, and which caused him to lose the confidence of Mr Langdon, and the affection of Robert.

The boat was tied to a stake, and while Mr Langdon was fixing his fishing tackle, with his back to the boys, Thomas unmoored it. As the current was strong, he held the boat with a stick hooked at the end, which he had in his hand, and said to Robert, "Jump in ; your father is about ready, and I will hold the boat till he comes."

Having no suspicion of his design, Robert threw in his rod and hook, and then attempted to spring from the bank directly into the boat. Thomas, at the same time, watching his opportunity, pushed it farther off, as his stick was quite long, and Robert fell into the water. Mr Langdon had turned round, unperceived by the boys, and saw the action. He ran hastily to save Robert, but he had caught the edge of the boat, and was already safe.

Thomas had no intention of drowning Robert, but only meant to wet him. Supposing he could easily catch the skirt of his coat, he was alarmed when he saw the current carry Robert along, and was just going to call for help, when Robert caught by the side of the boat, and the fears of Thomas were at an end. He supposed it would be considered an accidental affair, and was, therefore, quite alarmed when Mr Langdon turned towards him, and sternly asked him how he dared so to endanger the life of his cousin.

Thomas was unprepared to answer. He changed color and said, in a faltering voice, that "the stick, by which he held the boat, had slipped just as Robert jumped from the shore." But his uncle had seen him purposely push the boat off, and therefore severely reprimanded him for adding falsehood to mischief. He bid Thomas instantly go home, and never associate with Robert till he became a better boy.

Thomas feared his uncle, and though he was so wicked as to be only sorry because he could not go out a-fishing, dared not disobey him. Robert, after changing his clothes, returned to the boat. And when at night Thomas saw him coming home with a string of fine fish, he sat down in a corner, and cried with anger and envy.

Robert, in obedience to his father, though he generously forgave Thomas for causing him to fall into the water, and earnestly requested his father to forgive him also, refused to go any more with him. But as Mr Langdon said that kindness would not make a good boy of Thomas, he should now try what neglect would do.

The school children soon heard of the trick which Thomas had played at the river, and they delighted to tease him about it, for they found it provoked and mortified him exceedingly. But the wicked boy, who delighted to torment everybody, and especially so good a boy as Robert Langdon, they said, "did not deserve any mercy."

Poor Thomas felt that an ill-natured and en-

vious boy could never be happy and beloved. He went moping about alone; for all were afraid of his tricks, and refused to play with him. But he missed Robert, who continued to shun him, more than any of them. Robert, however, always answered him civilly when he spoke to him, and had told him, more than once, that when he became a better boy, his father would be very willing he should play with him again.

SECTION III.

Mr Langdon's horse—Robert, by a trick of Thomas, is thrown from the horse, which breaks Robert's leg—Mr Hanson removes from Finlay.

THOMAS, instead of profiting by the reproof of his uncle, and seeking to improve, and deserve the affection of his cousin, was only angry, because they avoided him. He determined to provoke and injure them, all in his power.

Mr Langdon had a young horse, which was very high spirited, but which he sometimes permitted Robert to ride. Robert was extremely fond of him, and felt great pleasure in being able to manage him, which he did very skilfully. He usually rode him to a brook, about half a mile beyond his uncle Hanson's, to drink.

One morning, as he was passing there, he saw Thomas cutting wood in the yard. At the moment he beheld Robert on his gay horse, he took up a large bough, which he had just lopped from a tree lately felled, and threw it over the

fence. He did this purposely to frighten the horse, which immediately set off with such fury, that Robert found it impossible to rein him in. Robert then clung with both arms round his neck, but the animal continued to run at the greatest speed; and turning suddenly a short corner, threw poor Robert with violence on the ground.

Two men, who were at work in a field, saw him, and ran to his assistance. He was senseless. They raised him, and carried him home. His parents were exceedingly alarmed—for Robert was deservedly beloved by them,—and sent directly for a surgeon. He bound up Robert's head, that had been badly cut by a sharp stone, against which he fell. He also set his leg that had been broken by the fall. Robert suffered much, but he bore his sufferings with patience.

A boy who had been in the yard with Thomas, when he threw over the bough, and had entreated him not to do it, as it would frighten the horse, ran after Robert the moment he saw his danger, and was very near him when he fell. Thinking that Robert must be killed, as he had fallen with such violence, the boy waited till the men carried him home, and then ran to inform Mr Hartland of the whole affair. For it was to him the children of the village always looked for advice and consolation. Mr Hartland was very much distressed by the sad intelligence, and went directly to Mr Langdon's, where he arrived just as the surgeon was taking his leave.

Mr Langdon had already heard a report of Thomas' ill-natured roguery, which he mentioned to Mr Hartland, who was sorry to be obliged to confirm it. They went together to Mr Hanson's, but Thomas was nowhere to be found. Until Robert began to amend, he avoided the sight of Mr Hartland, and his uncle. His parents, though they reproved him for what he had done, were too weakly indulgent to expose him to the just displeasure of those whom he had injured.

When Robert grew better, Thomas, tired of hiding himself, was again seen about the village. But he was pointed at by every one, and he felt that the name of "wicked Tom," which he had so long borne, he now justly deserved. Mr Hartland, in the presence of all his school, reprimanded him for his cruel and wicked conduct, and bid him beware, by the dreadful effects which had already resulted from it, how he continued in the course in which he had so long persevered. Thomas was humiliated and humbled, but he had a hard heart. Mr Hartland feared he would never amend. He was sullen and ill-natured to all around him, but he felt very uncomfortable. There was always a whisper and a sneer wherever he went.

When poor Robert was able to walk out, and was obliged to use a crutch, the general fear and dislike of Thomas were very much increased. Thomas begged his father to send him to live with an aunt, who resided in a distant town, and who once requested leave to take him. His fa-

ther and mother could not think of parting with their son, whom, notwithstanding his bad qualities, they loved.

As Mr Hanson, who was a carpenter, was getting poorer every day, had little employment in Finlay, where he was too well known, he removed with his family to the town where his sister lived. They were never beloved in Finlay, and nobody regretted their departure. Nor was Mr Hartland sorry to lose so bad a boy from his school as Thomas, whom he had vainly strove to make better. The children pursued their sports and their work with greater ease and security—feeling that they were no longer in danger of being tormented by the tricks of WICKED TOM.

CHAPTER X.

THE REVIEW.

SECTION I.

Harry Alden — The Privateer — Andrew Jenkins — Harry leaves his parents and goes a-privateering — Death of Harry's parents.

"HARRY ALDEN has got home from sea, mother," said Mary Hartland one morning at breakfast.

"I hope he has returned a better boy than he went," said Mrs Hartland; "otherwise, I fear, the village will not be much benefited by his example."

"He has been in a bad place for the improvement of his morals and principles," observed Mr Hartland; "I should judge there were few situations, in which a young man would be more liable to adopt vicious and depraved habits, than on board a privateer."

"He has brought home a good deal of money," continued Mary."

"Prize-money, I suppose," returned her brother; "but, I should fear, what was so unjustly gained, would not be very judiciously disposed of. It has been dearly purchased, too, I understand, by the loss of his right arm."

There were, indeed, few people in Finlay, who received pleasure from the return of Harry Alden. From a child, he had been disliked by every one, on account of his bad disposition and evil propensities. He was constantly engaged in some mischievous frolic, and often involved others in the consequences of his folly. His parents had suffered him to follow his own idle inclinations, and wicked practices, without the least restraint. In fact, they were themselves abandoned and unprincipled. He selected his companions and playmates from the most worthless and profane—thus encouraging himself in wickedness. Whereas, had he made choice of different associates, he would, most probably, have been induced to follow their example, and forsake his own ruinous courses.

When Harry was about twelve years old, he went one day to a neighboring town, where he accidentally met with a young man who had just returned from a voyage. He had been engaged several months on board a privateer, and was then on a visit to his parents, who resided in that place. He had often seen Harry before he left home, and well knew his character. His captain being in want of a cabin boy, he so artfully represented to Harry the freedom and pleasure of a sailor's life, that Harry promised to go with him in that capacity.

Harry returned home, and acquainted his parents with his intentions. But he was greatly surprised and irritated, when they positively forbade his leaving them. He endeavored to per-

suade them, but finding it was all in vain, he privately left them, and went immediately with his new friend to the seaport. The vessel to which he belonged was there anchored, and in a short time put to sea.

Andrew Jenkins, which was the name of the young man, was exceedingly wicked, and in his society Harry became daily more vicious and corrupt. He was absent from his native village four years. A short time before he returned to it, in an attempt to board a British merchant ship, he lost his right arm, and was otherwise so severely wounded, that his life was in imminent danger, and his recovery, for some time, extremely doubtful.

A sick bed did not produce reformation, nor render him any more scrupulous and correct in his conduct. Becoming tired of the dangers and hardships he had lately endured, and as the last engagement of his vessel was successful, he received his share of the prize-money, which, with his wages, amounted to a considerable sum, and retired to Finlay to enjoy his dearly purchased and unlawful gain.

Harry's parents were now dead, and hardened as he now was, he could not but feel some remorse of conscience, when told that his ingratitude and disobedience had hastened their death. This was indeed the case. He was their only child ; and when they found that he had actually left them, and gone, for an uncertain time, they knew not whither, they gave way to unavailing grief. They regretted, too late, that they had

not set before him good examples, and instilled virtuous principles into his mind.

Months and years passed away. Harry, during this time, neglected to inform his parents of his situation. Wearied by continual disappointments, and exhausted with the constant agitation of hope and fear, his mother had at length sunk into the grave, and his father, whose health had long been feeble, in a few months followed her. Their end was a solemn warning to all those parents who neglect the moral and religious instruction of their children, and teach them, by their own example, the practice of deceit and wickedness.

SECTION II.

Harry returns home, and spends his time in idleness—Edward Whiting.

HARRY, though in some degree affected by the loss of his parents, soon appeared entirely forgetful of them, and gave himself up to the most shameful excesses. Instead of disposing of his little property in some way that might have rendered it useful to himself and his fellow creatures, he seemed only anxious how to expend it as fast as possible. He did not work—giving the loss of his arm as an excuse. There were, however, many kinds of business which, notwithstanding that misfortune, he might have done with ease and convenience. His whole time was spent at the tavern, in horse-racing,

gambling, and every kind of idleness and wickedness.

Harry often enticed the young people and children from their duty. Mr Hartland, finding that he sometimes detained them from his school, remonstrated seriously with him on the guilt and folly of his conduct. With great kindness and delicacy he advised him, for his own sake, as well as that of others, to pursue a different course ; to be less prodigal of his money, and, if he wished for happiness here or hereafter, to employ his time more usefully. Harry listened with apparent interest, and for some time, was more orderly and well behaved than he had been for a long period before.

Mr Hartland was encouraged, and continued his judicious counsels and instructions. They made much more impression on the mind of Harry than he had imagined they would, and he began to indulge strong hopes of his amendment, when Andrew Jenkins unfortunately returned, and immediately renewed his acquaintance with Harry. They were, from this time, almost constantly together.

Mr Hartland, with deep regret, found that he could no longer be useful to Harry. He had lent Harry several serious, practical books, but they were now returned unread, and Harry cautiously sought to avoid him, or hurried past, when he accidentally met him. Those who are guilty of indulging habitual sin, usually shun the virtuous, whose lives convey a silent reproof to the conscience, which they are unable to endure. It

was thus with Harry. He could not bear the calm rebuke of Mr Hartland's eye, while conscious that he placed no restraint on his own evil passions and propensities.

Andrew Jenkins was the daily companion of Harry. So great was their profligacy that they seemed fast approaching to disgrace and ruin. Had they been satisfied with being wicked themselves, the evil, though great, would have been comparatively limited. But they sought, by every means in their power, to draw others into their courses, and, in some instances, they proved successful.

Mr Hartland did all in his power to counteract their influence. He was, if possible, more zealous in good works, and more assiduous in his instructions and exhortations. He strictly forbade his scholars from forming any acquaintance with them, and pointed out the danger of associating with young men who were so wicked. Notwithstanding this, there were many who took pleasure in their society, which occasioned Mr Hartland much anxiety and trouble.

There was no one who gave him more alarm on this account, than Edward Whiting. He was a boy of about fourteen, who had been brought up by honest and good parents. He was uniformly correct in his conduct, till Harry Alden returned from sea. He then, in direct opposition to the commands of his parents and Mr Hartland, became intimate with Harry. From that time his disposition and manners became greatly altered and deteriorated.

SECTION III.

The military review—Harry Alden, Andrew Jenkins, and Edward Whiting attend the review—On their return home, their wagon is overturned, and Harry's arm is broken.

ONE day as Edward was going to school, he met Andrew and Harry riding rapidly along in a light wagon. The moment they saw him, they stopped their horse, and inquired where he was going. Edward answered, he was going to school, and asked how far they intended to ride. About five miles, they told him, to see a grand review of the militia, (or muster, as it is usually called); and invited him to go with them.

At first, Edward hesitated. He knew that Mr Hartland would be displeased, and his father had, a few hours before, expressly forbid his going there. Harry, however, was so urgent, and suggested so many excuses which he could make at home, that Edward at last consented. He got into the wagon, and they immediately drove off.

The troops had been some time on the place of parade, when Harry and his companions arrived there. Multitudes were assembled to gaze at the soldiers, and Harry and Andrew met with many of their associates, who were as wicked as themselves. The day was passed in idleness and drinking. It was late when they prepared to return home; and Edward, who was not used to such excesses, was wearied by the pastime,

and oppressed with a violent head-ache. From the effects of intoxication, Andrew was scarcely able to guide the horse. He, therefore, though at the imminent risk of being overturned, suffered the horse to take his own course.

It was now nearly dark. They had proceeded about half way home, when they were overtaken by a wagon filled with several men, who, with loud shouts, endeavored to press on before them. Andrew urged on his horse, while the men in the other wagon, being determined not to give up, pursued him, and the contest long remained doubtful. Andrew was still foremost, when he accidentally met a chaise. In endeavoring to turn aside, he went too near the edge of a steep, sloping bank, the wagon was thrown over and dashed with violence to the ground.

The gentlemen who occupied the chaise, alighted, and went to the assistance of those in the wagon. The wagon was broken entirely to pieces. Harry, who was fast asleep on the bottom of it, was severely bruised, and his left arm broken in two or three places. Andrew and Edward, who had leaped to the ground, the moment they were conscious of danger, escaped uninjured. The horse, no longer restrained by the bridle, had pursued his way home as fast as possible; and the other wagon, a moment before the disaster, had turned into another road.

Harry was in much pain. There was no house near, and his companions were at a loss how to remove him, when the gentlemen humanely offered to carry him home in their own

chaise. They assisted Andrew and Edward to place him in it with great care, and the latter then followed slowly on foot. Harry was conveyed to the public house in Finlay, where his arm was set, and every requisite attention paid to him. His wounds were not dangerous, but threw him into a violent fever, which confined him many weeks to his bed. During this time, Andrew Jenkins left the neighborhood, and again went on board a privateer.

SECTION IV.

Edward Whiting sent from home—Owing to his good conduct he was allowed to return, and attend the school—Harry Alden supported by the town.

EDWARD, with sad thoughts of his father's displeasure, returned home. His apprehensions were not at all lessened, when he found Mr Hartland sitting in the room with his father. His father had already heard, from some persons who had seen Edward, that he had gone away with Harry and Andrew. He was justly displeased with the folly and disobedience of his son. Mr Hartland also knew the circumstance of Edward's going away, and having just learned the situation of Harry, hastened to inform Mr Whiting of the accident, and to make inquiries respecting Edward.

As soon as Edward entered the room, his father demanded of him a particular account of his conduct. Edward, alarmed at the danger to

which he had been exposed, and truly sorry that he had suffered himself to be led away, related everything, and promised never again to associate with Harry and Andrew. Mr Whiting told him, he had so often broken that promise, that he could no longer trust him. He should, therefore, deprive him of the advantages which had been neglected. Instead of allowing him opportunities of improving himself by daily attending school, as he had hitherto done, he should send him away where his time would be constantly occupied by hard labor, and where he could find no wicked companions.

Edward in vain promised amendment, and pleaded to remain at home. His father did not change what he had told him, and made immediate arrangements for his removal to a town at a considerable distance from Finlay. There he had a brother, who cultivated a large farm, and who, he knew, would be glad to take Edward, and keep him continually employed.

Mr Hartland approved these measures, for he was sensible that when bad companions once obtain an influence over the minds of youth, nothing but an immediate removal from their example and society can remedy the evil. He also enforced on Edward the advice of his father. He represented to him the danger to which he had been exposed, by his intercourse with those wicked young men—not only from the hazard in which his life and limbs had been placed, but what was of far more consequence, he had been led from his duty and seduced into an act of

disobedience. Had he not been providentially stopped in his course of wickedness, it was feared, his morals and habits would soon have been as depraved as those of his associates.

He entreated Edward to consider well on his ways. While he deeply repented of his past errors, he should earnestly seek the assistance of his Heavenly Father, who alone could secure him against temptation, and strengthen his virtuous resolutions and exertions. As the unfortunate incident which had happened on the day of the review, was generally known to his scholars, Mr Hartland thought proper to address them the following Sunday, on the evil consequences of associating with the wicked and unprincipled.

Edward, the next day, went to reside with his uncle, where he conducted with so much propriety, that his father, at the end of three months, was induced to call him home. He was placed again at Mr Hartland's school, where, by his diligence, and good behavior—his care to avoid the idle and profane, and render himself useful to all—he made full amends for his late deviations, and obtained the approbation of his parents and his instructor.

Harry Alden lingered long on a bed of sickness, and when he rose from it, his health was enfeebled, and his constitution completely ruined. His property he had entirely squandered in bad company, so that scarcely enough remained to defray the expenses of his illness. He was unable to work, and in the very bloom of youth,

thrown upon the town for support. There he remained, for many years, a burthen to himself and others.

Here he bitterly regretted the folly which had led him to waste his time and money in wickedness, instead of improving them in acts of virtue and industry, which would have saved him from poverty, and supported him in the hour of adversity. His calamities were the fruits of vice, and he received the compassion of no one. Destitute of hope or comfort, he exhibited a melancholy example of the effects of indulging evil and vicious habits, and maintaining an intercourse with the wicked and unprincipled.

CHAPTER XI.

THE TULIPS.

SECTION I.

Elizabeth and Catherine Goodman planting flower-seeds in their garden—Caleb Burton enters the garden—His unkindness towards Elizabeth and Catherine.

CALEB BURTON, an idle and passionate boy, was one day sauntering along the streets, when he saw two little girls, Elizabeth and Catherine Goodman, planting flower-seeds in their garden. He stopped and looked over the fence. The garden was in very neat order, and there were many gay flowers in blossom.

"How well your garden looks! and how many flowers you have," said he.

"Yes," replied Elizabeth, the eldest; "mother has allowed us a good deal of time to work in it. And Mary Hartland has kindly told us how to manage the flowers, so that if it looks well, we must thank them."

"But she has told my sister Margaret, too," said Caleb, "and she has more time than you have. Yet her garden is full of weeds, and there is not one flower in blossom."

"She does not attend to it properly, then, I fear," said Elizabeth; "it needs great care to keep the weeds out, and the flowers must be often watered, or they will not grow fast."

"May I come in and look at yours?" asked Caleb, in a civil tone.

"Yes, do;" replied Elizabeth. And she ran to open the gate. She added, "You will not find our alleys so clean as common, for we have not taken away the weeds, which we have been pulling from our beds, this morning."

"Oh, no matter for them," said Caleb, as he walked in, and looking round, admired everything he saw.

"What a beautiful root of tulips that is!" said he, pointing to one which grew in the middle of a bed. "And how many flowers it has! Let me see, one, two, three—no less than eight, and all striped so handsomely with black and red. Oh, I wish you would give me some to carry to my mother."

"No, indeed, you shall not have one," said little Catherine, who could hardly speak plain. "You are so cross a boy, and struck my cousin Martha, yesterday for nothing."

"It was not for *nothing* that I struck her," replied Caleb; "did she not tear my new spelling book?"

"It was not she who tore it," said Catherine.

"And if she did," said Elizabeth, "you did wrong to strike her, or any one else. You should have complained to Mr Hartland."

"Well, well, I did not come here to quarrel," said Caleb "so will you give me a tulip, or not? for I cannot stay any longer."

"I do not like to gather them," replied Eliza-

beth, "but, as we have so many, I cannot refuse one." She then plucked one and gave him.

Is this *all*?" asked Caleb, angrily.

"It is all I can give you now," said Elizabeth. "In a few days we shall have more in blossom, and if you will come then, I give you some."

"But I will have more *now*," said Caleb, and in attempting to snatch the tallest, he broke off three or four.

"That is very unkind in you," said both the girls, "when we have given you one, to destroy so many."

"I do not care how much I teaze such stingy people," replied Caleb, "nor do I care for the nasty tulips;" and, in a violent passion he tore them in pieces.

"Oh, for shame Caleb," said little Catherine, who began to cry for the loss of her tulips, while Elizabeth endeavored to show him the folly of his conduct. But he ill-naturedly told them he was glad of what he had done, and hoped the tulip root would never blossom again. "It never shall," said he, "if I can help it."

He then stamped with both feet upon it, so that it was completely trodden into the ground, and immediately ran off as fast as he could. Elizabeth fastened the gate the moment he was gone, and then tried to pacify Catherine who was weeping bitterly. But she would not be consoled. Her tulips were the pride of her garden, and they were all destroyed. She went into the house, and related to her mother what had passed.

Mrs Goodwin was sorry for her, and grieved at the ill temper of Caleb. But she told Catherine that she would soon have more tulips in bloom, and that if she would not cry any longer, she should go with Elizabeth in the afternoon, as it was Saturday, to gather blackberries. Soothed by this promise, Catherine dried up her tears, and set off with a more cheerful countenance for school. Her eyes, however, were quite red, and Mr Hartland, observing them, asked her for what she had been crying.

Catherine was a good hearted little girl, and always sorry to have any one punished. She was therefore unwilling to expose the conduct of Caleb, knowing that Mr Hartland would not let it pass unnoticed. He again asked her why she had been weeping. But when she began to tell the story, the remembrance of her tulips caused her tears to flow afresh. Elizabeth, pitying her distress, now related herself what had passed that morning in the garden.

Mr Hartland was very much displeased, and felt it a duty to punish Caleb for so bad conduct. Besides, he knew that an angry, passionate spirit was the principal failing of Caleb. Caleb had many valuable qualities, and might, if seasonably corrected, be made a good boy, and grow up to be a virtuous and useful man.

SECTION II.

Elizabeth and Catherine go out to gather blackberries—Caleb Burton comes to trouble them—Mr Hartland causes Caleb to leave the school for his bad conduct—Caleb's penitence and good behavior.

IN the afternoon, Elizabeth and Catherine, as their mother had promised them, went to gather blackberries in a field where they grew in great abundance. They had nearly filled their baskets, when two or three boys, and among them Caleb Burton, who had not been to school that day, came into the field. As soon as he saw the little girls, he walked up to them. Looking very angry he said—"So you told Mr Hartland about the tulips, and all that I might get punished. But I will pay you for it, that I will, you little tattlers."

"We did not tell to get you punished, or because we love to tattle," replied Elizabeth. "But Mr Hartland saw that Catharine's eyes were red, and he asked her why she had been crying. She was not willing to tell; for although you destroyed her tulips this morning, she was sorry to have you punished. My mother bids us always speak the truth; and I told him, not Catharine."

"No matter who told him," said Caleb, pettishly. "Whatever you may say to the contrary, I shall always think you did it to be revenged on me for breaking your tulips."

"You are very much mistaken, Caleb," said Elizabeth, but if you will not believe me, I cannot help it."

The passionate are always provoked, when they cannot make others as angry as themselves. Caleb, ashamed of his conduct, dreading the reproof of Mr Hartland, and irritated by Elizabeth's calmness, could no longer contain himself. She had set her basket down upon the ground, from which Caleb helped himself very plentifully, till Elizabeth saw the berries were all likely to be gone. She said—"Caleb, there are blackberries enough on the bushes. I wish to carry these to my mother, to make a pudding with, and have not time to gather any more. I will thank you to eat those on the bushes."

"I shall eat which I please," he said, as he crammed another large handful into his mouth, "for Catharine has enough for a pudding."

"I shall take them away, then," said Elizabeth. As she was removing the basket, Caleb gave it a kick with his foot, it fell over, and all the blackberries were spilt upon the ground. Poor Elizabeth said nothing, for she knew it would do no good to contend with such a violent spirit. She could hardly refrain from crying. She tried to pick up some of her blackberries, while Caleb shouted for joy, at the malicious trick he had committed.

The boys who had accompanied him to the field, were at a little distance, and now ran towards him to inquire the cause of his mirth. But when, with high glee, he told them what

had passed, they blamed him very much for troubling so good a girl as Elizabeth, and kindly helped her to gather up her berries.

While thus employed, Mr Hartland came along. Hearing the voices of the children, he looked over the fence, and asked them by what accident the berries got spilt. The boys who had, all of them, at one time or another, experienced the effects of Caleb's angry passions, were now ready to relate the affair.

Caleb would gladly have stolen away, but Mr Hartland, perceiving his design, called him back. He reproved him for his conduct then, and in the morning, represented to him and his companions the fatal consequences, which might result from the free indulgence of so dangerous a passion as anger.

He then took Caleb to his parents, who were worthy people, and frequently lamented the hasty temper of their son. Mr Hartland told them of the repeated instances of ungoverned passion, which Caleb had, that day, exhibited, and requested them to keep him from school. For he did not wish the other children to be subjected to his anger, or made wicked by his example. He, therefore, requested them to treat him with some severity until he had learned to exercise more self-control.

Caleb begged both his parents and Mr Hartland, not to insist upon this, and made many promises of amendment. But Mr Hartland was resolute, and so were Mr and Mrs Burton. Caleb was completely mortified and penitent, par-

ticularly as the cause of his absence from school, was known to all the scholars.

Mr Hartland, wishing to show him the sin and deformity of anger, and impress upon him the rules given in the Bible for the regulation of the temper, requested his parents to allow him to attend the Sunday school, on the following day. They accompanied him, and were very much instructed by the remarks which Mr Hartland made ; and so was Caleb, who listened attentively to every word.

Caleb resolved to remember Mr Hartland's instructions, and at the end of a fortnight he expressed so much sorrow for his past conduct, that Mr Hartland again admitted him into the school, and had the pleasure to see that he had indeed improved. Though he sometimes forgot his good resolutions, and gave way to fits of anger, they were neither so frequent, nor so violent as before, and he always asked forgiveness of those against whom he had offended. In a few years he became so accustomed to control his ill feelings, that there were few boys, who appeared possessed of a more equal and amiable sumper, or promised to become better, or more teeful men.

CHAPTER XII.

THE BIRTH DAY.

SECTION I.

Martha Sawyer—Display of Vanity—Rebecca Johnson—The New Shoes.

MARTHA SAWYER was the only daughter of one of the most wealthy farmers in Finlay. She was treated by her parents with great indulgence and affection, though they were too discreet to humor her faults and caprices. Martha was dutiful to them, and generally amiable in her conduct towards her companions. But she had one failing, which her mother, though she often lamented it, had not yet been able to correct.

As her father could afford to give her many new clothes, Martha was usually better dressed than most other children in the village. Instead of being grateful for this distinction, and feeling humble that she did no better deserve it, her pride and vanity were excited. She often looked with contempt on those who were poor, and could not appear so well as she did. This foolish spirit gained her the ill will of those with whom she associated. She was continually boasting of her new things, and endeavoring to mortify others by a display of them.

At one time, on returning from school, Martha happened to overtake a little girl, named Rebecca Johnson, who was bare footed, and very shabbily dressed. Her father was obliged to work hard for the support of a large family; but Rebecca was so quiet and obliging that she was very much beloved by every one in the village. Mr Johnson lived a short distance from Mr Sawyer, and Rebecca and Martha had often shared their amusements together. As they were now going the same way, Rebecca civilly accosted Martha, and offered to accompany her. But Martha wore a pair of new shoes that day, and felt even more vain and important than usual. She said very little to Rebecca who walked on silently by her side. At length they ascended a steep bank, where the path was so narrow that only one could walk at a time, and Martha very rudely pushed Rebecca aside, in order that she might pass before her.

"Pray, do not push me so," said Rebecca gently. "It would hurt me very much to fall from such a high place."

"Yes," replied Martha, laughing. "Perhaps it might tear your handsome gown, or spoil your beautiful shoes."

Rebecca colored deeply, but answered without the least anger,—“It is not fair in you, Martha, to laugh at me, when you know, my father cannot afford to give me any better clothes.”

"No, indeed, it is not," said Mary Hartland, who, at that moment joined them, and had accidentally overheard Rebecca. "But I am sure

my dear Rebecca, that Martha did not mean any harm, for she is too kind to give you pain intentionally."

Rebecca's eyes were filled with tears. "You will not despise me, Mary, for being poor," she replied.

"No, Rebecca," answered Mary. "Nor will Martha think you the less worthy of her love, on that account."

Martha looked down in confusion. She was really good tempered, and candid in acknowledging her faults, and after a moment's reflection, she said—

"I have indeed done wrong, but if Rebecca can forgive me, I will endeavor not to speak so foolishly again."

"With all my heart," replied Rebecca smiling through her tears. "It was wrong in me to take any notice of what you said."

"My new shoes were the cause of all this," said Martha. "I have a good mind to throw them away, and go barefooted."

"Not your shoes, my dear Martha," said Mary Hartland mildly, "but your vanity. If you would reflect a moment, that fine clothes can neither make you better nor more useful; but rather gain you the envy and ill will of others, I am sure you would not take so much pride in wearing them. Do you not remember a verse of that hymn, my brother gave you to learn?"

'The tulip and the butterfly,
Appear in gayer coats than I;
Let me be dressed fine as I will,
Flies, worms and flowers exceed me still.'

"But must I not wear any new things, then?" asked Martha.

"Oh, yes," replied Mary. "But wear them as you would if made of the coarsest materials. Your companions will love you the better for your modesty and humility."

Martha resolved to profit by the advice of Mary Hartland. Her judicious counsels and mild rebukes were always received by the children of the village, even those older than herself, without offence, and often with gratitude. Her excellent disposition and good sense had been highly cultivated by her mother and brother. The opportunities of improvement, which she enjoyed in their society, rendered her superior to most girls of her age, and even to the generality of older people who surrounded her.

Martha, when she went home, frankly related to her mother, all that had passed on the road. Mrs Sawyer was so much pleased with her candor, and resolutions of improvement, that she forgave her for speaking unkindly to Rebecca. She also, at the earnest request of Martha, presented her with a pair of shoes, which Martha the next day, carried to Rebecca, who received them with gratitude and joy.

SECTION II.

The Birth Day—Blind Man's Buff—The Torn Dress—Angry words between Martha and one of her Companions—The New Clothes laid aside—Good effects on Martha.

MARTHA, for some weeks, discovered so little of vanity and pride, that her mother was in hopes she would soon be entirely cured of those unpleasant traits in her character. On the day in which she completed her twelfth year, her mother presented her with an entire new suit of clothes, and allowed her to invite all her young friends to celebrate the event. Martha was delighted with her mother's indulgence. And while she listened to her mother's instructions, to conduct with propriety, and be modest and gentle to all, Martha almost considered the caution as needless. She was quite sure she should do all that was required of her.

The day arrived, the weather was unusually fine, and early in the afternoon, the little girls began to assemble at Mrs Sawyer's house. Martha received them very cordially; and her mother, who was anxious that they should enjoy themselves, suffered them to range about wherever they chose, and amuse themselves in any way they pleased.

On a smooth, green spot, before the door, was placed a table, spread with every kind of fruits which the garden afforded, and to which at a certain hour, Martha conducted her guests. Each one seemed gay and happy, and when satisfied

with eating, they rose from the table, and again commenced their sports. Every one proposed some different play or kind diversion, and when tired of every other, they agreed to have a game of blind man's buff.

Martha, however was not pleased with it. She said, it was too rude a play, and absolutely refused to join with them. She was ashamed to give the real objection, which was the fear that her new gown would be torn. For it had been much admired that afternoon. Notwithstanding her resolutions, she felt not a little vain of her appearance, which she silently contrasted with that of several around her. Many of the girl's agreed with Martha in condemning "Blind man's buff." But the greatest part of them were clamorous in their wish to engage in it; and when much teased to comply, Martha pettishly exclaimed—

"No, I will not run the risk of ruining my new clothes by playing with you."

"Oh, that is it," cried several voices at once. "Martha is afraid of spoiling her nice dress, which she was always so proud of." And Martha to stop the ridicule which her vanity had excited, was obliged to comply with their request.

They had enjoyed their sport but a short time when Martha, in her turn, was blindfolded. The children were flying round on tip-toe, now twitching her sleeve, or whispering in her ear, then darting from her, and screening themselves behind the chairs, when Rachel Chapman, one of the smallest girls in the room, unluckily

caught her slip in the latch of the door, and tore it almost entirely from the waist. All gathered round to console her, and Martha, throwing aside her bandage, joined with them.

"Do not be frightened, Rachel," said Sophia, her eldest sister. "I will tell mother how it happened, and she will not be displeased with you."

"You should have taken my advice, and this would not have happened," observed Martha.

"Oh, it is no matter, as long as it is not your new gown, which, though I do n't know, that it is any better than Rachel's, you think so beautiful," returned Sophia.

"Every one else thinks it is," replied Martha, provoked with her taunt. "For mine is fine and nice, and hers is as coarse as it can be."

"You think," returned Sophia, who was naturally passionate, and now felt extremely angry, "that because it is your birth day, and you have invited us here, you may treat us as you please. But I will not bear it."

She would have compelled Rachel to go directly home with her; but all the children interposed, and she consented to remain. She was so sullen, however, that a gloom was spread over all the party. And Martha, conscious that she had done wrong, and fearful of her mother's displeasure, found it impossible to exert herself, as she had done to entertain them.

When Mrs Sawyer came into the room to provide supper for them, she observed the general restraint. She forebore to make any inquiries

then, but from the countenance of Martha, she was assured that all was not right with her. The gloomy looks of Sophia, and the rent in Rachel's gown, did not escape her notice.

When all the visitors had gone home, she required of Martha an explanation of what she had witnessed. Martha had been taught to speak the truth ; and even to secure herself from blame, never deviated from it. She therefore answered her mother's questions correctly, and attempted not to conceal her own folly, or exaggerate that of Sophia. When she had finished, Mrs Sawyer calmly, though with firmness replied ; " I had hoped, Martha, that you had learned from experience the guilt and foolishness of indulging any feelings of vanity, on account of the real or imagined superiority of your dress to that of others with whom you associate. But since I find you incapable of behaving in a modest and becoming manner, I shall take from you the clothes of which you have been so proud. I shall suffer you to wear those only of the most ordinary kind, till I am convinced that you have entirely conquered this ' besetting sin,' and can wear the others, without any triumph to yourself, or mortification to the feelings of others. I am sorry that your birth-day should be marked by conduct so unamiable as that you have practised. But go now, and on your pillow, reflect on your behavior, and resolve to exhibit a different temper and different feelings in future."

Martha retired, weeping, to her chamber, and

thus gloomily ended a day, from which she had anticipated so much happiness. The next morning, she voluntarily delivered her clothes to her mother's care. Sensible that her punishment was just, she bore it with cheerfulness. And when her clothes were again restored to her, she was so well convinced of the folly of her past conduct, that no one had ever again occasion to accuse her of vanity and pride.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE DEATH BED.

SECTION I.

Mary Hartland—Her character—Consumption—The Physician—Mary's Calmness and Resignation.

As Mary Hartland has often been mentioned in the course of the preceding pages, our readers may be gratified to hear a more particular account of her amiable and virtuous character, and of her early and happy death. May they endeavor to imitate her gentleness, her piety, her filial obedience, and all her other estimable qualities. And when it pleases God to call them from this world, be it early or late, may they not have to look back, with sorrow and regret, on a life mispent: but may they cheerfully fall asleep in Jesus, with the blessed and joyful hope of awaking to dwell with him forever.

Mr Hartland had now kept his school about a year. Mary was thirteen years of age, so that she assisted him very much. Sometimes when he was unwell or necessarily absent, she went alone to teach the children, who not only loved her too much to disobey her, but on the contrary, sought to render her task easy and agreeable.

So judicious was she in her arrangements, and

so faithful in her instructions, that her brother proposed, when he had completed his studies, and commenced some profession, to resign to her entirely, not only the care of the Sunday school, but also of that which he kept on week days. For he was convinced that she was pretty capable of the important charge, and would faithfully fulfil its duties. But Mary had a very slender constitution, and had been from childhood, troubled occasionally with a cough, and pain in her side, which threatened to bring her early to the grave.

Mary was sensible of this. It only made her vigilant in the discharge of her duties, more zealous in obeying the commands and precepts of the gospel, more anxious to set before others a good and holy example, and to do for them all the kind offices, which were in her power. As she increased in years, the symptoms of her disease gained strength. Mrs Hartland beheld them with maternal fear ; and often in silent anguish, gazed upon her pale cheek and sunken eye.

But though tenderly attached to her children, she suffered them not to take that place in her heart which belonged to her Maker. Often, when with mingled pride and pleasure, she heard the praises of those so dear, or saw their affectionate and respectful deportment towards herself, would she strive to check these feelings, so natural, by recalling that command of the Apostle,—“Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth.”

Mary did not complain, because she saw her

mother's anxiety, and she dreaded to give her pain. At last her disorder increased so rapidly, that her alarmed mother and brother would no longer suffer her to do without a physician, and Mary who ever yielded to their wishes, though she believed he could never cure her, consented. When Mrs Hartland tremblingly asked him what he thought of Mary, he did not know what to say. For he was a compassionate and humane man, and feared to inflict so suddenly the shock, which he thought, if gradually given, would be less dreadful. Mrs Hartland saw his opinion in his silence and in his countenance. Overcome by the certainty, that her beloved Mary must, ere long, be taken from her, she hid her face, and wept. Dr Harvey pitied her distress, and thought it no harm to suggest a faint hope.

"The disorder, madam," he said in a soothing voice, "is always dangerous, but, in its first stages, it is sometimes cured. Mary's is not, I hope, deeply seated; and by the blessing of God on our own efforts, we may perhaps, yet see her restored to life."

Mrs Hartland saw through his benevolent design in these words, and felt that all hope was vain. She shook her head but made no reply. Her son, who was present, and had been walking the room much affected, now came towards her, and said—

"Dear mother, compose yourself. If God, in his holy pleasure, sees fit to call our Mary to himself, it is not for her that we can mourn.

Let us bow in humble submission to His will, who gave, and has a right to take away."

"May I be enabled to say, in spirit and in truth, His will be done," replied Mrs Hartland. "Thirteen happy years he has spared her to me, and I will not murmur because he calls her away to dwell with him."

Wiping her tears, she rose, and went to her daughter's chamber. As she approached the door, she heard Mary singing in a low voice, these lines—

"Permit them to approach, he cries,
Nor scorn their humble claim,
It was to bless such souls as these,
The Lord of Angels came."

Mrs Hartland struggled to suppress her feelings, and softly entered. Mary was sitting at a little window, shaded by a clustering honeysuckle, which she herself had trained over it. The reflection of the setting sun, gave a faint glow to one pale cheek, and a sweet smile animated her countenance, as she looked up and saw her mother approaching.

"Why are you at work, my dear child, when you are so ill?" said Mrs Hartland.

"Dear mother," replied Mary, "I am only finishing a frock for little Susan Barlow, which I promised she should have to wear to school tomorrow, and I do not like to disappoint the poor child."

"But I will finish it for you," said her moth-

er, "if you will not do any more, for I am sure you are not able."

"I only do a few stiches at once, and then I stop and rest," said Mary. "Besides, I feel quite easy this evening, and I am sure it cannot hurt me to be employed."

"Have you no pain, my love?" asked Mrs Hartland, anxiously.

"None, either of body or mind, my dear mother," answered Mary with a bright smile. "I thank my God that he gives me so many comfortable hours. May I endure this sickness with resignation, and be prepared for whatever He shall think best for me."

"I am happy, my beloved child," said Mrs Hartland, "to find you in so tranquil and resigned a state of mind. May God continue to let the light of his countenance shine upon you, and graciously support us all under this grievous visitation."

"He supported and comforted you, when my dear father died," said Mary, "He will not surely now withdraw his arm from you. 'Whom he loveth he chasteneth,' and though his ways sometimes seem to us dark and mysterious, we are going, I trust, to that blessed world, where all will be made clear to us."

Mrs Hartland could no longer restrain her tears. She hurried out of the room to conceal them from Mary, and to seek, by prayer, that resignation and fortitude so necessary to support her.

SECTION II.

Mary declines in health—She desires to see the children of the village—They assemble around her bed—Mary talks to them.

MARY daily grew weaker, but as her bodily strength decayed, her mind seemed to acquire fresh vigor. Her faith was clear and strong, and her hopes relied with firm and unshaken confidence on the mediation of her Redeemer for pardon and acceptance. All the village came to hear her impressive and instructive admonitions. The children, of all ages, flocked around the house, begging once more to see her, who was so tenderly beloved by them.

Mary, when she knew that the children wished to see her, though her mother sometimes sent them away, would let them be denied. To some she gave little tokens of remembrance, and her tender and pious counsels sunk deep into the hearts of all. They went away much affected, resolving to follow the good example she had always set them.

Mary was now able to sit up but very little. As she could not read herself, she was almost constantly repeating hymns and passages from scripture, with which she had been accustomed to store her memory. Her mother and her brother read a good deal to her, for which she expressed great gratitude, and listened to them with deep interest and lively pleasure.

Every moment that Mr Hartland could spare

from his school, he passed at her bed-side. And while he gazed on her tranquil and happy countenance, and her tongue continually sounding forth the praises of her God, he was edified and affected. With heartfelt emotion, he often exclaimed,—“ Oh, death ! where is thy sting ? Oh, grave ! where is thy victory ? ”

Mary was most tenderly beloved by him, and he struggled hard to resign himself to the event, which he knew must soon take place. Mrs Hartland had acquired a calm serenity quite astonishing to those who knew not the soothing and consoling power of that religion which is the christian's hope. With smiling and patient resignation she performed every little office of affection for her dying daughter.

When Mary felt her last moments approaching, she expressed a wish, once more to see the children of her brother's school. He almost feared to gratify her, lest the exertion should too much affect her. But she entreated him so earnestly, that he could no longer refuse. As it was the school hour, he went and communicated to them Mary's wish. Gladly did they comply with it, happy in an opportunity of once more seeing her. He therefore immediately returned home with them.

When they entered Mary's chamber, she was sitting up in bed, supported by pillows ; the children eagerly crowded round to get a glimpse of her. They all wept. She began to speak, but amid the sobs of so many, she could scarcely be heard. They suppressed them, however,

when they saw that she wished to speak. She said,—

“Do not weep my dear young friends. But rather rejoice that I am going to dwell in Heaven, where I shall be near that great and good God, of whom you have so often heard, who created you, who preserves you, and who gives you all that you have, and enjoy. If you speak the truth, obey your parents, keep his commandments, and endeavor, in all things, to please and honor him, while you live, you will be happy, and when you die, you will go to dwell with him in Heaven.”

So much was she exhausted by speaking, that she was obliged to stop. Her mother, who was at a little distance, thinking she was dying, ran to her. But she smiled, and made a motion with her hand, as if she wanted to rest for a few minutes. After resting awhile, she made another effort to continue.

“My dear friends, I cannot say so much to you as I wish, because I am very weak. But God is kind and merciful to grant me so much strength and ease as I have. You see what a solemn thing it is to die—to be unable to speak for many minutes together—to draw your breath with difficulty—and see all your dear friends, whom you are going to leave, weeping around you.”—

Again she rested, and her brother giving her some drink which revived her, she went on.

“But all these are nothing, compared to the agonies of a troubled conscience, and the re-

morse, which at such a moment, the remembrance of an ill-spent life must cause. If you would avoid these dreadful evils, when you come to die, endeavor to prepare, in time, for that solemn event which awaits you all. 'Those that seek me early shall find me,' is the voice of divine wisdom, and our blessed Lord and Saviour said—'Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.' And can you refuse such gracious invitations? Can you turn away from the God that made you, and despise the solemn warnings which are so often given you?"

"How many there are, younger than any to whom I now speak, who are called to their last account. Do you not fear that *you* may also be summoned, unprepared? And how will you appear before the dread tribunal of your God, unless you have honored and loved him on earth, and sought to do his will and obey his commands?"

Mary then sunk back on her pillow, and there was a deep pause of some minutes, broken only by the sobs of the children. For there was not one so hardened, as not to weep at the tender and solemn counsels of their dying friend. After a few minutes she continued, but her voice was more feeble, and it was evident, her strength was nearly exhausted.

"I have much more to say, but I cannot say it now. Let what I *have* said, be remembered, and my brother will give you many precepts, which, I hope you will obey. Love him, respect him, and seek to profit by his instruction, for his

interest in your immortal welfare is deep and tender. And now, farewell, my dear young friends. I can scarcely see you, but I can hear you near me. Cherish the memory of Mary, who has so long been your companion and schoolmate. And never forget the solemn and important truths which she has told you from the bed of death."

She held out her hand to them, and all came round and kissed it. Then, with their faces buried in their handkerchiefs, they walked slowly from the room, and returned home, deeply impressed with the scene they had witnessed.

SECTION III.

Mr Ludlow's visit—The family kneel around the bed in prayer—Mary dies—The funeral.

MR LUDLOW, who had often called to see Mary, was present during the affecting scene mentioned in the last section. His oldest daughter, a fine girl, two years older than Mary, who had staid much with her during her sickness, was also present. If *they* were melted to tears, what must have been the feelings of the mother and brother? Words cannot do justice to them, and the silence, which prevailed after the children departed was long unbroken.

Mary had sunk into a slumber, and her friends, fearing she would not again awake, stood around her bed, anxiously watching her repose. She did awake, however, composed and tranquil, and smiled sweetly on each dear face

that met her view, while she pressed to her pale lips, the hand of her brother, which was clasped within her own.

"Dear mother," said she, "will you raise the curtain, and let me once more behold the light on earth?" Her mother did as she requested her, and Charles raised her up to look at it.

"It is the last time," she continued, "that my eyes will see it. But *here* it is dim, often lost in darkness. In that heavenly city, where I shall soon be, there is no need of the sun, nor of the moon to shine upon it, but God and the Lamb are its light."

Her lips continued to move, and now and then, as she breathed forth her fervent and heartfelt prayers, her words could be heard. At last, she asked her brother to pray with her. He told her, Mr Ludlow was present. She then said—

"Let me again hear his pious prayers ascend in my behalf. To him is my soul indebted for many sweet and refreshing draughts."

They all knelt around her, and the good man, in a voice broken by grief, at the footstool of divine mercy, poured forth his humble and consoling prayer. When it was ended, Mary called Charlotte Ludlow to her, and tenderly kissing her, said,—

"Comfort my mother. Be to her a daughter, and supply to her my loss. And now, my dear friends, I am ready to depart—farewell! May God bless you. Mother, Charles, give me a last kiss, and pardon me for all the pain I have made

you suffer. In Heaven I shall see you, and we shall rejoice together through a happy eternity. Now, Oh God, most holy, in thy infinite mercy, receive my soul!" Gently, without a groan, she expired, falling asleep in the bosom of her Lord and Saviour.

Mrs Hartland wrung her hands, when she saw that her dear Mary had indeed gone. With all the anguish of maternal grief, she bent over her cold form, and bathed her pallid face with tears.

"My dear mother, be comforted," said Charles, as he sought to withdraw her from the contemplation of the sad object. "She died in hope. She is happy in heaven, where sorrow and sighing never come, where tears are wiped from all eyes. 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away.'"

"And blessed be his name," exclaimed Mrs Hartland, with fervor. Having kissed her Mary's pallid cheek, she turned from the scene, and retired to her apartment to tranquillize her feelings.

The third day after Mary's death, was appointed for her funeral, which Mr Ludlow attended. All the village, with sad hearts and tearful eyes, were present. Most of the children wore some little badge of mourning, to express their affection and regret for Mary. Solemn and affecting was the scene. A deep and awful silence prevailed, when the remains of the young and gentle Mary, the humble christian, the dutiful child, the affectionate sister, and the generous friend, were committed to their native dust,

Mr Ludlow, before he left the grave, addressed the children in an impressive manner. Though he received no interruption, he was often obliged to stop and wipe away his own tears. The only sounds heard, save the deep sobs which now and then burst from the full hearts of his attentive hearers, were the winds sweeping over the grassy tombs; for it was a bleak autumnal day.

When he had ended, the sad procession passed round the grave, and looked into that "narrow house appointed for all the living." They dropped their tears upon the coffin, and threw in a few pale flowers; the last growth of autumn. They then separated, and all returned to their homes.

Mr Ludlow, at Mrs Hartland's request, left his daughter with Mrs Hartland, and then rode slowly home, meditating on the affecting ceremony that had just past, and calling to remembrance the character and virtues of the departed.

Mr Hartland did not attend his school for the remainder of the week, but left it to the care of one of the largest boys, who had long been in the habit of occasionally assisting him. His mother required all his soothings and kind attention, and after the sad and trying scene through which he had been called to pass, he felt himself inclined to reflection and retirement.

But on the following Sunday he again performed his duties, and entered his school room with a sad countenance, and a heart weighed

down with the sorrow of his recent bereavement. His appearance excited the sympathy of his pupils, and the tears of many began to flow, while all respectfully rose, and remained standing till he was seated. He was pleased with their sensibility. After his customary instructions were over, he feelingly addressed them. The tears, the sobs, the deep and breathless attention of all, bore ample testimony to the worth of Mary, did honor to hearts of her young friends. What was seen, gratified the feelings of Mr Hartland, and convinced him that the memory of his sister would long be cherished with reverence and affection by the inhabitants of Finlay.

May all who read this little story, seek to imitate the character of Mary, that like her they may be beloved while living, and, when dead, like her, remembered. And when it pleases God to call them from this world, may they not fear to die, but be willing, cheerfully to lay down their life at the command of Him who gave it.

CHAPTER XIV.

SECTION I.

Mr Hartland determines to spend his life in teaching.

MR HARTLAND had continued his school for a few years, and had seen a wonderful change in the conduct of his pupils. Nor was the general aspect of the village less changed, than the behavior of the children. The father frequented the tavern and the dram shop less than before, and the child was more neat and orderly in all its performances.

The reform, thus favorably begun, and so happily progressing, was, however, far from being complete. It was truly a good beginning, and a pretty sure prelude to better times. But the best beginnings, unless pursued to a considerable extent, and unless the labors that have been the cause of leading many to forsake bad habits, are continued till a fixed condition of things shall in some measure, become established, will sometimes prove a means of speedy ruin. As one who is climbing a steep and slippery hill, and who does not persevere and reach the summit, before he stops to rest, will slide back with an increased swiftness, and will, unless some strong barrier interpose, go far beyond the place from which he started; so when a re-

form has been successfully urged forward, if it is allowed to stop in its course, the people who were daily becoming better will sink deeper into bad practices than they were before.

Mr Hartland saw that his labors had not been useless, and he also saw that the efforts which he had made must be continued, or the school would soon be reduced to its former condition, and the inhabitants of Finlay would relapse into a worse state than they were before he commenced his school. He had once hoped to become a minister ; regarding the ministry as a noble and exalted profession. But he carefully surveyed his whole field of labor. He thought of his own usefulness—of the rising generation, and of those who should come up after the youth who were then receiving his instructions. Day after day, for months in succession, he marked the influence of the minister who instructed the people only on the Sabbath, or in addition to the regular meetings of the Sabbath, held some evening meetings. He also weighed well the influence of the teacher who labored all the week in connection with the young, whose minds could be easily moulded into almost anything that was placed before them. It seemed to him, that the power wielded by the minister, however great it might be, was much less than he formerly supposed when brought by the side of the well qualified and faithful teacher. The nature of their business was such, that the teacher was doing more for the formation—the fixing—of habits that would remain forever ; while with the

minister, ardent and faithful as he might be in the discharge of his duties, it was only on a very few minds that his preaching had a lasting effect.

Mr Hartland having now completed his theological studies, he began to feel that it was important for him to come to some decision, relative to his employment for life. He consulted Mr Ludlow, and laid before him his thoughts and plans. He had, it is true, been preparing himself exclusively for the ministry, although he had not given that direct attention to preparing himself for teaching that he might otherwise have done ; still he knew that the studies which he had passed over, would be of no small importance to him should he determine to become an instructor. For every teacher who would be well qualified for his duties, should be familiar with the BIBLE.

Mr Ludlow gave the subject a candid and impartial examination, and came to the conclusion that Mr Hartland's most successful and permanently useful field of labor, would be that of teaching.

After giving much prayerful thought to the great subject that now engaged his attention, Mr Hartland decided that instructing should be his profession.

SECTION II.

The people of Finlay invite Mr Hartland to become their permanent teacher—The new school house.

ABOUT the same time that Mr Hartland was endeavoring to ascertain what his duty was, in relation to a future employment, the people of Finlay, having, for a considerable period, witnessed the good effects of his labors, held a meeting, and resolved to invite him to become their permanent teacher. They further resolved to increase his wages to such a sum as would enable him to be free from all embarrassments in whatever he might engage himself, and to give him permission to make such alterations, as he might think proper, both in relation to the school and the school house.

Mr Hartland gratefully accepted their invitation, and set himself about his work with increased energy. He gladly availed himself of the opportunity given for a change in the school and the house. For the house had been placed in a low, unhealthy situation, that it might be equally distant from the extreme limits of the village. The house was also small and badly constructed. The school was composed of too great a variety of ages and characters to be benefited by the labor of one teacher.

His first effort of further reform was to find a suitable place for the situation of the new school house. At a short distance from the most populous parts of the village was a gently declining

hill, whose sides were covered with wide spreading shade trees, and at whose foot, a rippling brook murmured along, as it wound its course from a neighboring mountain to its junction with a larger stream. Mr Hartland considered the sunny side of this hill a good situation for a school house. The house was accordingly located near a delightful grove of maple, beneath whose spreading branches the pupils might have a retreat from the sun whenever they were engaged in relaxation.

The house was constructed sufficiently large to contain two spacious, airy school rooms ; one for the older, and the other for the younger pupils, and smaller rooms for apparatus, recitation, and such other purposes as might be found necessary. The house was speedily finished, and Mr Hartland soon had the satisfaction of leaving an uncomfortable and unhealthy abode for one of comfort and health. The school was now arranged in two divisions. The younger scholars were placed under the direction of Sarah Denning. Mr Hartland took charge of the older pupils himself, and in order that more thorough instruction might be given them, and also in other branches besides those which had already been pursued, he made George Benson an assistant with him.

Knowing the importance of gradual steps in attempting a reform, Mr Hartland, after making the necessary arrangements for the two departments, proceeded very slowly in making other changes. In the course of a few months he se-

lected from the most trustworthy of his pupils, whom he previously employed on various times in hearing the younger classes recite, ten males, and the same number of females, to act with him and the two other teachers, as assistants. These aided him by teaching several classes alternately, three times each week.

With this humble beginning, Mr Hartland laid the foundation of a teacher's seminary, which was connected with his former school. There were then three departments: the teachers', a high school, and a primary school. Year after year, teachers went forth from this institution, who were a blessing to the country around. At first, their number was not large; but in a few years it was greatly increased. These teachers commanded the respect and esteem of all, wherever they went; and when they once established themselves in a school, they usually continued in it for several years. The whole country, in the vicinity of Finlay, was greatly altered by the influence of these teachers. Where schools had once been considered a nuisance, and had been the seat of continual quarrels and disturbances, they were now the abodes of peace and quiet. Everything seemed to wear a new aspect, and like the reform witnessed at Finlay, parents and children were continually becoming better; and no bad report was ever made of a school where these teachers had made their residence, and had devoted their lives to the instruction of the young.

Mr Hartland lived to see the institution of

which he was the founder pass into the hands of some of his former pupils. He relinquished the duties of his station only when age rendered him incapable of performing them with energy. And having spent his years in active, untiring usefulness, he died at an advanced period of life, beloved and lamented by hundreds of faithful and worthy friends, a large proportion of whom had been his pupils and imitators.

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